

above the Year; and in short, the great Sum which he had consecrated to this Prodigality, and the Year ended together. As soon as he left off keeping this Table, his Friends forsook him; when ever they saw him they avoided him, and if by Chance he met any of them, and would stop them, they always excused themselves on some Pretence or other.

*Abon Hassan* touch'd more to the Quick, at this strange Behaviour of his Friends, who had forsaken him so basely, and ungratefully, after all the Protestations of Friendship they had made him, and their inviolable Attachment to his Service, than at all the Money he had so foolishly squander'd away, went melancholy and thoughtful into his Mother's Apartment, and sat down on a Sofa a good distance from her. What is the Matter with you Son? said his Mother, reading his Grief in his Countenance; why are you so alter'd, so dejected, and so much different from yourself? You could not certainly be more concern'd if you had lost all you had in the World: I know you have liv'd very profusely, and believe all your Money is spent, yet you have a good Estate, and the Reason that I did not so very much oppose your irregular Way of living, was, I knew the wise Precaution you had taken to preserve half your Substance. Therefore, I don't see why you should plunge your self into this deep Melancholy.

At these Words *Abon Hassan* melted into Tears; and in the midst of his Sighs, cry'd out, ah! Mother, I see at last, by sad Experience how insupportable Poverty is; I am as sensible that it deprives us of Joy, as much as the setting Sun does of Light: In Poverty we have no Commendations, and fine things said to us; we endeavour to conceal all our Actions, and spend our Night in Tears and Sorrow: In short, a poor Man is look'd upon, both by Friends and Relations, as a Stranger. You know, Mother, how I have used my Friends for this Year past; I have entertain'd them with all imaginable Generosity, 'till I have spent all my Money, and now they have left me, when I can treat them no longer. For my Estate, I thank Heaven for having given me the Grace to keep the Oath I made not to enter upon that, and now I shall know how to make a good use of it. But first, I'll try the Ingratitude of Friends, who deserve not that I should call them so,

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I'll go to them one after another, and when I have represented to them what I have done for their Sakes, I'll ask them among them to make me up a Sum of Money, to relieve me out of the miserable Condition I am reduced to; these are the Steps I intend to take to try their Gratitude.

I don't pretend, Son, said *Abon Hassan's* Mother, to dissuade you from executing your Design; but I can tell you before-hand, that you have no ground for any Hopes, believe me, you'll find no Relief, but from the Estate you have reserv'd; I see you don't, but will soon know those People, which we generally call Friends, and I wish to Heaven you may in the Manner I desire; that is to say, for your own good. Mother, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, I am perswaded of the Truth of what you say, but shall be certain of a Fact which concerns me so nearly, when I shall inform myself better of their Baseness. Upon this, *Abon Hassan* went immediately to his Friends, whom he found at home, represented to them the great Need he was in, and begg'd of them, to loose their Purse-strings, to assist him. He promised to give every one Bonds, to pay them the Money they lent him, as soon as his Affairs were made up; giving them to understand, at the same time, that it was, in a great Measure, upon their Accounts that he was undone, and forgot not to allure them with the Hopes of being once again entertain'd in the same Manner as before.

Not one of his Bottle-Companions was affected with the Arguments which the afflicted *Abon Hassan* made Use of to perswade them; and he had the Mortification to find, that many of them told him plainly they scarce knew him. He return'd home again full of Grief and Rage; and going into his Mother's Apartment, said, Ah! Madam, you was in the Right of it; instead of Friends, I have found none but ungrateful perfidious Wretches, who deserve not my Friendship, which I renounce, and promise never to see them more. He resolv'd to be as good as his Word, and to that End took all possible Precautions to avoid falling into the same Inconvenience; taking an Oath never to give an Inhabitant of *Bagdad* any Entertainment again. Afterwards he open'd a strong Chest in which he had put the Rents he had receiv'd from his Estate, and

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resolv'd to take out every Day, a Sum that was sufficient to defray the Expence of a single Person to sup with him, who according to the Oath he had taken, must be a Stranger that came into *Bagdad* the same Day, and must take his Leave of him the next Morning.

According to this Project, *Abon Hassan*, took care every Morning to provide whatever he design'd for Night, and towards the Close of the Evening, went and sat on *Bagdad* Bridge, and as soon as ever he saw a Stranger of whatever Condition he was, he accosted him civilly, and invited him to sup and lodge with him that Night, and after having inform'd him of the Law he had impos'd upon himself, took him home with him. The Repast with which *Abon Hassan* regaled his Guest was not costly, but always plain and neat, with Plenty of good Wine, and generally lasted 'till the Night was pretty well advanc'd; when instead of entertaining his Guest with the Affairs of State, his Family or Business, as is too frequent; he affected to talk of indifferent Subjects, and was naturally of so gay and pleasant a Temper, that he could give the most agreeable Turns in Conversation, and make the most reserv'd and melancholy Persons merry. When he saw his Guest again the next Morning, he always said, God preserve you from all Sorrow wherever you go; when I invited you Yesterday to come and sup with me, I inform'd you of the Law I have made, therefore, don't take it ill, if I tell you, that we must never see one another again, nor drink together, for Reasons best known to my self, so God conduct you.

*Abon Hassan* was very exact in the Observation of this Oath, and never look'd upon or spoke to any Stranger he had once entertain'd, wherever he met them, and had liv'd for a long Time after this Manner: When, one Afternoon, a little before Sun-set, as he was sat upon the Bridge, according to Custom, the Califf *Haroun Alraschid* came by so disguised, that no body could know him. For that Monarch, tho' his chief Ministers and Officers of Justice acquitted themselves of their Duty very punctually, yet would take Notice of every Thing himself, and to that Purpose, often disguised himself, and walk'd through the City and Suburbs of *Bagdad*; and that Day was dress'd like

a Merchant of *Moussel*, who had but just disembark'd, and was follow'd by a Slave.

As the *Califf* had in his Disguise, a grave and awful Air, *Abon Hassan*, who thought him to be a *Moussel* Merchant, went directly to him, and after having saluted him with a smiling Countenance, and kiss'd his Hand, said, Sir, I congratulate you on your happy Arrival, and beg of you to do me the Honour to go and sup with me, and repose your self at my House this Night, after the Fatigue of your Voyage: And to oblige him not to deny him that Favour, he told him his Custom of entertaining the first Stranger he met with. The *Califf* found something so odd and singular in *Abon Hassan's* Taste, that he was very desirous to know the Bottom, without quitting the Character of a Merchant; told him, that he could not better answer that great Civility, which he did not expect at his Arrival at *Bagdad*, than by accepting the obliging Offer that was made him.

*Abon Hassan*, who knew not that the Guest which Fortune presented to him, was so very much above him, treated him as his Equal, carry'd him home, and led him into a Room very neatly furnish'd, where he set him on a Sofa at the upper End of a Table that was ready laid for Supper, which was soon after sent up by *Abon Hassan's* Mother, who took upon her self the Care of the Kitchen, and consisted of three Dishes. The first was a Capon and four large Pullets, which was set in the Middle, and the second and third plac'd on each side, were a fat roasted Goose, and boil'd Pidgeons, all dress'd very neatly, and with proper Sauces.

*Abon Hassan* sat down over against his Guest, and he and the *Califf* began to eat heartily of what they lik'd best, without speaking or drinking, according to the Custom of the Country. When they had done eating, the *Califf's* Slave brought them Water to wash their Hands, and in the mean-time, *Abon Hassan's* Mother sent up a Desert of all Sorts of dry'd Sweet-Meats, and all the Fruits then in Season, as Grapes, Peaches, Apples, Pears, &c. as soon as it grew dark, Wax-Candles were lighted, and *Abon Hassan*, after charging his Mother to take care of the *Califf's* Slave, brought Bottles and Glasses.

Then



Then *Abon Hassan* sitting down with the pretended *Moussel* Merchant again, fill'd out a Glas of Wine, before he touch'd the Desert: and holding it out in his Hand, said to the Califf, you know, Sir, that the Cock never drinks before he calls to his Hens to come and drink with him, so I invite you to follow my Example. I don't know what you may think, but for my Part, I cannot reckon him a wise Man who does not love Wine; come let us leave those Sort of People to their dull melancholy Humours, and seek for Mirth, which is only to be found in a Brimmer.

While *Abon Hassan* was drinking, the Califf taking the Glas that was set by him, said, now I like you, you are an honest Fellow, I am mightily taken with your pleasant Temper, and expect you should fill me as much. *Abon Hassan*, as soon as he had drank, fill'd the Califf's Glas, and giving it to him; here Sir, said he, taste this Wine, I'll warrant it good. I am very well perswaded, reply'd the Califf Laughing, that you know how to make Choice of the best. O, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, (while the Califf was taking off his Glas) one may easily find that you know what good Living is, and have seen the World? alas! how happy is my House in your Presence, and how overjoy'd am I for meeting with a Man of so much Merit!

The Califf, who was naturally a merry Man, was mightily diverted with these Sallies of *Abon Hassan's*, and took great Pleasure in promoting Drinking, often asking for Wine, thinking that when that began to Work, he might penetrate so far into his Discourse, as to satisfy his Curiosity. Therefore to enter into Conversation, he ask'd him his Name, his Business, and how he spent his Life. My Name, Sir, reply'd he, is *Abon Hassan*; my Father, whom I buried, was a Merchant of *Bagdad*, and tho' he was not the richest, yet lived very well: When he died he left me enough, in my Station to live free from Ambition; but as he always kept a very strict Hand over me in his Life-time; I was willing when he was gone, to make up the Time I thought I had lost.

But notwithstanding, continued *Abon Hassan*, in this I was more prudent than most young People are who give themselves unto Debauchery, without any Thought, and who reduce themselves to the utmost Poverty, and are forc'd

forc'd to do Penance all the rest of their Lives after. Now I, to avoid this Misfortune, divided what I had left me, into two Parts, and with one bought an Estate, with a Resolution not to finger my Rents at that Time; and kept the other in ready Money to pursue my Extravagancies with. I associated my self with young People of my Age, and with my ready Money, which I spent profusely, treated them every Day; and in short, spared for no Sort of Pleasure: But these Feastings were not long liv'd; for by that Time the Year was out, I had got to the Bottom of my Cash, and then all my Friends vanish'd. I made a Visit to every one of them, and represented to them the miserable Condition I was in, but not one of them would relieve me. Upon this, I renounced their Friendship, and retrenched so far, as to live within the Compass of my Income, and oblig'd my self to keep Company with none but the first Stranger I could meet with coming that Day into *Bagdad*, and to entertain him but one Night. I have told you the rest before; and I thank my good Fortune this Day, for meeting with a Stranger of so much Worth.

The Califf was very well satisfy'd with this Information, and said to *Abon Hassan*, I cannot enough commend the Measures you have taken, and the Prudence with which you have acted, by forsaking your Debauchery, a Conduct rarely to be met with in young Persons; and I esteem you the more for being so just to your self as you have been. It was a slippery Path you trod in, and I cannot enough admire, how, having after seen the End of your ready Money, you had so great a Command over your self, not to enter upon your Estate. In short, I must own, I envy your Happiness, you are the only happy Man in the World, to enjoy every Day the Company of some one honest Man, with whom you can discourse freely, and agreeably, and to whom you give an Opportunity to declare, where-ever he goes, how handsomely he was received by you. But we talk too long without Drinking; come drink, and pour out to me.

In this Manner, the Califf and *Abon Hassan* entertain'd each other, drinking and talking of indifferent Matters till the Night was pretty far advanced; when the Califf pretending to be fatigued after his Voyage, told his Host  
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he stood in need of a little Rest. But, added he, that I may not deprive you of yours, before we part, because to Morrow I may be gone before you are stirring, I should be glad to shew you, how sensible I am of your Civility, and the kind and obliging Hospitality you have shewn me. The only Thing that troubles me is, that I know not which Way to pay my Acknowledgment; therefore I beg of you to let me understand how I may, and you shall see, I will not be ungrateful, for certainly you must have some Business in which you may be served in, or must want something which you could wish for. Speak freely, and declare your Mind, for tho' I am but a Merchant, it may be in mine, or some Friend's power to oblige you.

To these Offers of the Califf, *Abon Hassan* taking him still for a *Moussel* Merchant, reply'd, I am very well perswaded, good Sir, That it is not out of a Compliment that you make me these generous Tenders; but upon the Word of an honest Man, I have nothing that troubles me, no Business nor Desires, and want not any thing: I have not the least Ambition, as I told you before; but am very well satisfy'd with my Condition. Therefore I can only thank you for your obliging Proffers, and the Honour you have done me, to come and take a slight Repast with me. Yet I must tell you, pursued *Abon Hassan*, there's one thing gives me an Uneasiness: You know the Town of *Bagdad* is divided into several Parts and Divisions, to each of which there belongs a Mosque, and an *Imam* to read Prayers at certain Hours; the *Imam* of the Division I live in, is an old Man, of an austere Countenance, and the greatest Hypocrite in the World: This Man and four old Men of this Neighbourhood, who are People of the same Stamp, meet every Day at the *Imam's* House; there they vent their Slander, Calumny, and Malice against me, and the whole Division, to the Disturbance of the publick Peace of a Neighbourhood, and the Promotion of Dissention. Some they threaten, others they rail against, and in short, would be Lords Paramount, and have every one govern himself according to their Caprice, and at the same time know not how to govern themselves. Indeed, I would have them meddle with nothing but their *Alcoran*, and let the World live quietly.

Well,



Well, I suppose, said the Califf, you would willingly put a stop to this Disorder? You have guess'd it, answer'd *Abon Hassan*; and the only thing I should desire, would be to be Califf only for one Day, in the stead of our Sovereign Lord and Master *Haroun Alraschid*, the Commander of the Faithful. What would you do, if you was, said the Califf? I'd make them Examples, answer'd *Abon Hassan*, to the Satisfaction of all honest Men. I would punish the four old Men, with each an hundred Bastinadoes on the Soles of their Feet, and the *Imam* with four Hundred, to learn them not to disturb and abuse their Neighbours any more.

The Califf was extremely well pleased with this thought of *Abon Hassan's*; and as he was a Prince who lov'd Adventures, he fancied to make this a very singular one. Indeed, said he, I approve very much of your Wish, which, I see proceeds from an upright Mind, that cannot bear to see the Malice of wicked People to go unpunish'd. I could like to see it take Effect, and that is not so impossible a Thing as you imagine. I am perswaded that the Califf would willingly put his Authority for twenty four Hours into your Hands, if he knew your good Intentions, and the just Use you would make of it. I see, said *Abon Hassan*, you laugh at my foolish Fancy, and the Califf himself would laugh at my Extravagance too, if he knew it: But yet it would be a Means of informing him of the *Imam's* and his Companions Behaviour, and he might chastise them.

Heaven forbid, reply'd the Califf, that I, who have been so handsomely entertained by you, should laugh at you; neither do I believe, as much a Stranger as I am, that the Califf would be displeased; but let us lay this Discourse aside, 'tis almost Mid-night, and time to go to Bed. With all my Heart, said *Abon Hassan*, I would not be any Hindrance to your going to Rest; but there's still some Wine in the Bottle, and if you please we'll drink it off first. The only thing that I have to recommend to you is, that when you go out in the Morning, if I am not up, you will give your self the trouble of shutting the Door after you; which the Califf promised; and while *Abon Hassan* was talking, took the Bottle, and two Glasses, and fill'd his own first, saying, here's a Cup of thanks

to you, and then filling the other, put artfully a little Powder, which he had about him, into it, and giving it to *Abon Hassan*, said, you have taken the Pains to fill for me all this Night, and it is the least I can do to save you that trouble once: Come, Drink to our good Repose.

*Abon Hassan* took the Glass, and to shew his Guest, with how much Pleasure he receiv'd the Honour he did him, whipt it off at once, but had scarcely set the Glass upon the Table, but the Powder began to work, and he fell into so sound a Sleep that his Head knock'd against his Knees. The Califf order'd the Slave, he had brought along with him, and who came again into the Room as soon as he had supp'd, to take him upon his Back, and follow him, but to be sure to observe the House that he might know it again, when he should bring him back; and in this Manner the Califf follow'd by the Slave with *Abon Hassan* on his Back, went out of the House, but without shutting the Door after him, as *Abon Hassan* desir'd him, and went directly to his Palace, and by a Back-door into his own Apartment, where all the Officers of his Chamber were waiting for him, whom he order'd to undress him, and put him in his Bed, which they immediately perform'd.

Then the Califf sent for all the Officers and Ladies of the Palace and said to them, I would have all those whose Business it is to attend my Levee wait to morrow Morning upon this Man who lies in my Bed, and pay the same Respect to him as to my self, and obey him in whatever he commands; let him be refused in nothing that he asks for, and be spoke to and answer'd in every thing he says or does, as if he was the Commander of the Faithful. In short, I expect that you look upon him as the true Califf, and neglect not the least Circumstance.

The Officers and Ladies, presently understood that the Califf had a Mind to divert himself, and made low Bows to shew their Obedience, and then withdrew, every one full of the Part they were to act.

Then he sent for the Grand Visier *Giazar*, said he, I have sent for you, to instruct you, and to prevent your being surpriz'd to morrow when you come to an Audience, to see this Man that's laid here in my Bed, seated on my Throne in my Royal Robes, accost him with the same  
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Reverence and Respect you pay to my self, oblerve and punctually execute whatever he bids you, do the same as if I commanded you, even if his Liberality should extend so far as to empty all the Coffers in my Treasury; and remember to acquaint all my Emirs and Huissiers, and all the Officers without the Palace, to pay him the same Honour at Audience, as to the Commander of the Believers himself, and to carry on the Matter so well, that he may not perceive the least Thing that may interrupt this Joke which I am diverting my self with.

Afterwards the Grand Visier retired, and the Califf, went to Bed in another Apartment, and order'd *Mesrour* the chief of his Eunuchs to take Care to manage Things so well that he might see how *Abon Hassan* would use the Power and Authority of the Califf, for the Time he desired to have it: And above all, charg'd him to wake him at the usual Hour, before he awaken'd *Abon Hassan*, because he had a Mind to be present when he rose.

*Mesrour* fail'd not to do as the Califf had commanded, and as soon as the Califf went into the Room where *Abon Hassan* lay, he placed him in a little Closet, from whence he could see all that pass'd. All the Officers and Ladies, who were to attend *Abon Hassan's* Levee, took their Posts according to their Rank, with great Silence, and discharged themselves as punctually of their Offices, as if the Califf had been to rise.

As it was just Day-break, and Time to rise to Morning Prayer before Sun-rise, the Officer that stood nearest to the Head of the Bed, put a Sponge steep'd in Vinegar to *Abon Hassan's* Nose, who presently turning his Head about without opening his Eyes, sneez'd heartily, which was generally the Effect of the Califf's Powder, and which lasted longer, or shorter, in Proportion to the Dose. Then opening his Eyes, he found himself, by the small Light that appear'd, in a stately Room, magnificently furnished, the Ceiling of which was finely painted, and the Floor covered with a rich Silk Tapistry, and surrounded by a great many young and handsome Ladies, with all Sorts of Instruments of Musick in their Hands, and black Eunuchs richly clothed, all standing with great Modesty and Respect. After casting his Eyes on the Quilt of the Bed, he perceiv'd it was Cloth of Gold richly emboss'd with Pearls, and Diamonds,



monds, and that there was laid by the Bed an Habit of the same Stuff and Trimmings, with a Califf's Turban.

At the Sight of these glittering Objects, *Abon Hassan* was in the most inexpressible Confusion and Amazement, and look'd upon all he saw as a Dream; so, said he to himself, I am Califf, but added he, a little after, 'tis only a Dream, the Effect of the Wish I entertain'd my Guest with last Night, and then turned himself about to Sleep again. At the same Time the Eunuch said very respectfully, Commander of the Faithful, 'tis Time for your Majesty to rise to Prayers, the Morning begins to advance.

These Words very much surprized *Abon Hassan*; am I awake, or do I sleep, said he to himself? Ah, certainly I am asleep! continued he, keeping his Eyes shut, there's no Reason to doubt of it.

Immediately, the Eunuch, who saw he had no Inclination to get up, and that he gave him no Answer, said again, your Majesty, I hope, will not be angry, if I tell you once more that it is Time to rise to Morning-Prayer, which you never neglect, and the Sun is just upon Rising. I am mistaken, said *Abon Hassan*, presently, I am not asleep but awake; for they that sleep do not hear, and I hear very distinctly: Then opening his Eyes, saw plainly by broad Day light, what appear'd but uncertain before; and rising upon his Breech, with a smiling Countenance, like a Man overjoy'd, at a sudden Promotion, pleas'd the Califf, who penetrated into the Bottom of his Thoughts.

Then the Ladies of the Palace prostrated themselves with their Faces to the Ground before *Abon Hassan*, and those who had the Instruments of Musick in their Hands, wish'd him a good Morrow, by a Concert of soft Flutes, Hautboys, Theorboes, and other harmonious Instruments, with which he was ravish'd, and was in such an Ecstasy, that he knew not himself, nor where he was; but recovering at last his first Idea, he doubted whether what he saw was a Dream, or Matter of Fact. He clapt his Hands before his Eyes, and lowering his Head, said to himself, What means all this, where am I, and whom does this Palace belong to? What can these Eunuchs, Officers, beautiful Ladies, and Musicians signify? How is it possible for me to distinguish whether I am in my right Senses or in a Dream?

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When he took his Hands from his Eyes, the Sun shone full in at the Chamber Window, and at that Instant, *Mefrour*, the Chief of the Eunuchs, came in, prostrated himself before *Abon Hassan*, and said, Commander of the Faithful, your Majesty will excuse me for representing to you, that you used not to lye so long, and that the Time of Prayer is over. I am afraid your Majesty has had an ill Night, and has been indispos'd, and may not be able to ascend your Throne in Council as usual; all your Generals, Governors, and other Officers of State, wait your Presence in the Council-hall.

At this Discourse of *Mefrour's*, *Abon Hassan* was verily perswaded that he was neither asleep, nor in a Dream; but at the same Time, was very much embarras'd, and confus'd: At last looking earnestly at *Mefrour*, said to him in a serious Tone, who is it you speak to, and call the Commander of the Faithful? For my Part, I don't know you, and you mistake me for some body else.

Any Person, but *Mefrour*, would have been dash'd at these Questions of *Abon Hassan's*; but he had been so well instructed by the Califf, that he play'd his Part to a Wonder. My worthy Lord and Master, said he, your Majesty only speaks thus to try me: Is not your Majesty the Commander of the Faithful, Monarch of the World, and the Prophet's Vicar on Earth? *Mefrour*, your Slave, has not forgot you, after so many Years that he has had the Honour and Happiness to serve, and pay his Respects to your Majesty; and should think himself the most unhappy of all Men, if he has incurr'd your Displeasure, and begs of you, most humbly to remove his Fears; but is apt to believe that you have been disturb'd by some troublesome Dream to Night.

*Abon Hassan* burst out a laughing at these Words of *Mefrour's*, and fell backwards upon the Bolster, which pleased the Califf so much that he would have laugh'd as loud himself, if he had not been afraid of putting a Stop to the pleasant Scene he promis'd himself.

*Abon Hassan*, when he had tired himself with Laughing, sat up again on his Breech, and speaking to a little black Eunuch that stood by him, said, hark ye, tell me who I am? Sir, answer'd the little Boy modestly, Your Majesty is the Commander of the Believers, and God's Vicar

on Earth. You are a Lye, Sooty Face, said *Abon Hassan*. Then he call'd the Lady that stood the nearest to him; come hither, Fair One, said he, holding out his Hand, bite the End of my Finger, that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake.

The Lady who knew that the Califf saw all that pass'd, was over-joy'd to shew how capable she was of diverting him, and went with a grave Countenance, and putting his Finger between her Teeth, she bit so hard that he cry'd out, and snatching his Hand quickly back again, said, I find I am awake, and not asleep. But by what Miracle am I become Califf in a Nights Time. This is certainly the most Strange and surprizing Thing in the World! Then addressing himself to the same Lady, said, I conjure you, for Heaven's Sake, not to hide the Truth from me, am I really the Commander of the Faithful? It is so true, answer'd the Lady, that we who are your Slaves, are amazed to find that you will not believe your self to be so. Ah! You are a Deceiver, reply'd *Abon Hassan*; I know very well who I am.

As the Chief of the Eunuchs perceived that *Abon Hassan* had a Mind to rise, he lent him his Hand, and help'd him to get out of Bed; no sooner were his Feet set on the Floor but the Chamber rang again, with the repeated Acclamations of the Officers and Ladies, who cry'd out, God preserve your Majesty, and give you a good Day. Oh Heaven! cry'd *Abon Hassan*, What a strange Thing is this? Last Night I was *Abon Hassan*, and this Morning I am the Commander of the Believers! I cannot comprehend this sudden and surprizing Change. Presently some of the Officers began to dress him, and when they had done, *Mefrour* led him through all the Eunuchs and Ladies, who were ranged on both Sides, quite to the Council Chamber Door, which was open'd by one of the Huissiers, *Mefrour* walk'd before him to the Foot of the Throne, where he stopped, and putting one Hand under one Arm, while another Officer did the same by the other, they help'd him to ascend the Throne.

The Califf in the mean Time, came out of the Closet, where he was hid, and went into another, which looked into the Council-Hall, from whence he could hear all that pass'd, and see *Abon Hassan*, who fill'd his Throne with all the Gravity imaginable.

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As soon as *Abon Hassan* had seated himself, the Grand Visier *Giafar* prostrated himself at the Foot of the Throne, and addressing himself to him, said, God shower down Blessings on your Majesty in this Life, receive you into his Paradise in the other World, and confound your Enemies.

*Abon Hassan* after all that had happen'd that Morning, and these Words of the Grand Visier, never doubted but that he was Califf, as he wish'd to be; and so without examining any further, how, or by what Adventure, or sudden Change of Fortune, he immediately began to exercise his Power, and looking very gravely upon the Visier, ask'd him what he had to say? Commander of the Faithful, reply'd the Grand Visier, The Emirs, Visiers, and other Officers who are of your Majesty's Council, wait at the Door till your Majesty gives them Leave to come in, and pay their usual Respects to you: *Abon Hassan* presently bid that the Door be open'd, and the Grand Visier gave the Sign to the Huislier that waited for it.

When the Door was open'd, the Visiers, Emirs, and principal Officers of the Court, all dress'd magnificently in their Habits of Ceremony, went in their Order to the Foot of the Throne, and pay'd their Respects to *Abon Hassan*, and bowing their Heads down to the Carpet, kneeling on one Knee, saluted him with the Title of Commander of the Faithful, according to the Instruction of the Grand Visier, and afterwards took their Seats.

When this Ceremony was over, the Grand Visier always standing before the Throne, began with Papers in his Hand to make his Report of Affairs, which at that Time were of very little Consequence. Nevertheless *Abon Hassan* acquitted himself in his great Post without the least Embarrassment, and gave Judgment so well in all Matters, that the Califf could not help wondering at his Address. But before the Grand Visier had finish'd his Report, *Abon Hassan* call'd to the Judge of the Police, whom he knew by Sight, as he sat in his Place: Hold, said he to the Grand Visier, I have something to order the Judge of the Police. The Judge of the Police perceiving that *Abon Hassan* look'd at him, and hearing his Name mentioned, arose from off his Seat, and went gravely to the Foot of the Throne, where he prostrated himself, with his

Face to the Ground. Judge of the Police, said *Abon Hassan*, Go immediately to such a Division, and seize the *Iman* of the Mosque, and four old Men, whom he described, and give each of the old Men an hundred Bastinadoes with a Bull's Pizzle, and the *Iman* four hundred. After that, mount them all five on Camels, with their Faces to the Tail, and lead them thro' the whole City, with a Cryer before them, who shall proclaim, This is the Punishment of all those who trouble their Heads with other People's Affairs, and make it their Business to create Disturbances, and Misunderstandings in Families and their Neighbourhood. My Intention is also, That you enjoyn them to leave that Division, and never to set a Foot more in it; and while your Lieutenant is conducting them thro' the Town, return, and give me an Account of the Execution of my Orders: The Judge of the Police laid his Hand upon his Head to show his Obedience, and prostrating himself a second Time, went away.

The Califf was extremely pleas'd at this Order, and perceiv'd by *Abon Hassan's* Strictness, and Expedition, that he was resolv'd not to lose the Opportunity of punishing the *Iman*, and the other four old Hypocrites. In the mean Time, the Grand Visier went on with his Report, and had just done, when the Judge of the Police came back from executing his Commission. He went to the Throne with the usual Ceremony, and said, Commander of the Faithful, I found the *Iman* and his four Companions, and for a Proof that I have punctually obey'd your Commands, I have brought an Instrument signed by the principal Inhabitants of that Division: At the same Time he pulled out a Paper, and presented it to the pretended Califf.

*Abon Hassan* took the Paper, and reading over the Names of the Witnesses, who were all People that he knew very well, said to the Judge of the Police, 'tis very well, return to your Seat. These old Hypocrites, said he to himself, with a great deal of Satisfaction in his Looks, who must be censuring my Actions, and finding Faults with my entertaining honest People, deserve this Punishment: The Califf all the Time penetrated into his Thoughts, and conceiv'd a sensible Joy in this Expedition.

Then

Then *Abon Hassan* addressing himself afterwards to the Grand Visier, said, Go to the High Treasurer, for a Purse of a thousand Pieces of Gold, and carry it to the Mother of *Abon Hassan*, who is known by the Name of the *Débauchee*; she lives in the same Division into which I sent the Judge of the Police, return immediately.

The Grand Visier, after laying his Hand upon his Head, and prostrating himself before the Throne, went to the High Treasurer, who gave him the Money, which he order'd a Slave to take, and follow him to *Abon Hassan's* Mother, to whom he gave it, saying only, The Califf makes you this Present. She receiv'd it with the greatest Surprise imaginable, and could not tell what to think of this Liberality of the Califf's.

During the Grand Visier's Absence, the Judge of the Police acted for him, in making the Report, which lasted till the Visier return'd. Alsoon as he came into the Council Chamber, and had assur'd *Abon Hassan* he had done as he had bid him, *Mefrou* the Chief of the Eunuchs, who return'd to the Palace after he had conducted *Abon Hassan* to the Council, came again, and making a sign to the Visiers, Emirs, and the other Officers, that the Council was done, and that they might all retire; which they all did, by making the same Reverence and Obedience as when they enter'd.

*Abon Hassan* sat not long after them, but came down from the Throne, supported in the same Manner as he went up to it, by *Mefrou*, and another Eunuch, who attended him back again to the Apartment from whence he came, preceded all the Way by the Grand Visier; but before he reached the Apartment, he was taken with a pressing Occasion; upon which, they shew'd him into a convenient Closet, pav'd with white Marble, and while *Abon Hassan* was there, the Grand Visier went to acquaint the Califf with what had pass'd, though he had been an Eye Witness all the Time.

When *Abon Hassan* came out of the Closet, *Mefrou* went before him, to shew him the Way into an inner Apartment; where there was a Table spread: Several Eunuchs ran before to tell the Musicians that the sham Califf was coming, who immediately began a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, with which *Abon Hassan* was



so charm'd and transported, that he could not tell what to think of all he saw and heard. If this is a Dream, said he, 'tis a long one. But certainly, continued he, 'tis no Dream, for I can see, and feel, walk, hear, and argue reasonably; whatever it is, I trust in God. Yet I cannot believe but I am the Commander of the Faithful, for no other Person could live in this Splendor. The Honour and Respect that is given me, and the Obedience paid to my Commands are sufficient Proofs.

In short, *Abon Hassan* took it for granted, that he was Califf, and the Commander of the Faithful; and was fully convinc'd of it, when he enter'd that magnificent and spacious Hall, which was finely painted. Seven Bands of Musicians were plac'd round the Hall, and as many Gold Branches hung down from the Ceiling, which was painted with Blew and Gold. In the middle of the Hall, there was spread a Table, which was served up with all manner of Rarities, in Massy Gold Plates and Dishes; and seven young beautiful Ladies, dress'd in the richest Habits of the most lively Colours, stood round this Table, each with a Fan in her Hand, to fan *Abon Hassan*, when at Dinner.

If ever Mortal was charm'd, *Abon Hassan* was, at every Step he took in that stately Hall; he could not help stopping to contemplate on all the Wonders that regaled his Eyes, and turn'd his Head first on one Side, and then again on the other, which made the Califf almost split his Sides with Laughing. At last he went and sat down at the Table, and presently, all the Ladies that stood about it, began to fan him. He look'd first at one, and then at another, and admir'd the Grace with which they acquitted themselves; and told them with a Smile, that he believed one Fan was enough to cool him, and would have six of the Ladies sit at Table with him, three on his Right Hand and three on his Left; and that as the Table was round, which Way so ever he turned, his Eyes might be saluted with agreeable Objects.

The six Ladies obeyed, and *Abon Hassan* taking Notice, that out of Respect they did not eat, helped them himself, and invited them to eat in the most pressing and obliging Terms. Afterwards he ask'd their Names, which they told him were, *White Neck*, *Coral Lips*, *Fair Face*, *Sunshine*, *Heart's Delight*, *Sweet Looks*, and she who fan'd

fan'd him, was *Sugar Cane*. The many soft Things, he said upon their Names, shew'd him to be a Man of a sprightly Wit, and very much encreased the Esteem which the Califf, who saw every Thing had for him.

When the Ladies saw that *Abon Hassan* had done eating, one of them said to the Eunuchs who waited, the Commander of the Faithful will go into the next Hall to the Desert, to bring some Water; upon which, they all rose from the Table, and taking from the Eunuchs, one a Gold Bason, another an Ewer, and a third a Towel, kneel'd down before *Abon Hassan*, and presented them to him, to wash his Hands, who as soon as he had done, got up, and after an Eunuch had opened the Door, went, proceeded by *Mefrour*, who never left him, into another Hall, as large as the former, adorn'd with the best Paintings, Golden Vessels, Silk Tapistry, and other rich Furniture. There seven other Bands of Musick began a new Concert, as soon as *Abon Hassan* appear'd. In this Hall there was seven Gold Branches, and a Table full of dry'd Sweet-Meats, and the most choice and exquisite Fruits rais'd in Pyramids in seven Gold Basons; and seven Ladies, more beautiful than the others, standing round it, with Fans in their Hands.

These new Objects put *Abon Hassan* into a greater Admiration than ever, who, after he had made a full Stop, and given the most sensible Marks of his Surprize and Astonishment, went directly to the Table, where sitting down, he gaz'd a considerable Time at the seven Ladies, with an Embarrassment, that plainly shew'd, he knew not which to give the Preference to. At last he order'd them all, to sit down and eat with him, telling them, that it was not so hot, but he could spare them that Trouble.

When the Ladies were all placed about him, the first Thing he did, was, to ask their Names, which were different from the other Seven, and express'd some Perfection of either Mind or Body, which distinguish'd them from one another; and upon which he took an Opportunity, when he presented them with Fruit, &c. to say somewhat that was handsome: Take this Fig, said he, to *Chain of Hearts*, who sat on his Right Hand, and render the Fetters with which you loaded me at first Sight, more

supportable, and so went on to the rest. By these Ways, *Abon Hassan* pleased and diverted the Califf more and more, who was resolv'd to carry on this Scene, which entertain'd him so agreeably.

After *Abon Hassan* had tasted of all the Fruits, &c. he got up and follow'd *Mesrou* into a third Hall, much more magnificently furnish'd than the other two; where he was receiv'd by the same Number of Musicians and Ladies, who stood about a Table cover'd over with all Manner of wet Sweet-Meats. After he had look'd about him with new Admiration, he advanc'd to the Table, the Musick playing all the Time, which ceased when he was sat down. The seven Ladies sat down with him, by his Order, and help'd themselves, as he desir'd them, to what they liked best, and afterwards he inform'd himself of their Names, which pleas'd him as much as the others had done.

By this Time the Day began to close, *Abon Hassan* was conducted into a fourth Hall, much more stately and magnificently furnish'd; lighted with Wax-Candles, in seven Gold Branches, and Sconces, which were placed all round it; all which made a glorious Light. *Abon Hassan* found the same Number of Musicians here, as he had done in the other Halls; and saw also as many Ladies standing round a Table, furnish'd with such Things as were proper to promote Drinking. There he saw a Poufet, which he had not observ'd in any of the other Halls, which was set out with seven large Silver Flagons, full of the choicest Wines, and seven Crystal Glasses by them.

All the Day long *Abon Hassan* had drank nothing but Water, according to a Custom observ'd at *Bagdat*, from the highest to the lowest, who never drink Wine 'till the Evening, it being accounted the most scandalous Thing in the World to be seen drunk in the Streets in the Day Time.

As soon as *Abon Hassan* enter'd the fourth Hall, he went directly to the Table and sat down, and was a long Time in a kind of Ecstasy, at the Sight of those seven Ladies, who were much more Beautiful than all he beheld in the other Halls. He was very desirous to know all their Names, but as the Musick played then so very loud, he could not hear them speak, he made a Sign for them to leave off Playing.

Then



Then taking one of the Ladies who sat next to him, by the Hand, he made her sit down by him, and presenting her with some of those relishing Viands before them, asked her Name: Commander of the Faithful, said the Lady, I am call'd, *Cluster of Pearls*. No Name, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, could have more properly express'd your Worth; and indeed, your Teeth exceed the finest Pearls: *Cluster of Pearls*, added he, since that's your Name, oblige me with a Glass of Wine from your fair Hand. The Lady went presently to the Boufet, and brought him a Glass with a pleasant Air. *Abon Hassan* took the Glass with a Smile, and looking passionately upon her, said, *Cluster of Pearls*, your Health, I desire you to fill out as much for your self, and pledge me; accordingly she went to the Boufet, and returned with a Glass in her Hand; but before she Drank, she sung a Song, and by the Sweetness of her Voice ravished his Senses.

After *Abon Hassan* had drank, he made another Lady sit, and presenting her with some of the Viands, asked her Name, which she told him was *Morning-star*. Your bright Eyes, said he, shine with greater Lustre than that Star you bear the Name of. Do me the Pleasure to bring me some Wine, which she did with an extraordinary Grace. Then turning to the third Lady, whose Name was *Day-light*, he order'd her to do the same; and so on to the Seventh, to the extream Satisfaction of the Califf.

When they had all fill'd him round, *Cluster of Pearls* went to the Boufet, pour'd out a Glass of Wine, and putting in a Pinch of the same Powder the Califf had us'd the Night before, presented it to *Abon Hassan*; Commander of the Faithful, said she, I beg of your Majesty to take this Glass of Wine, and before you drink it off, do me the Favour to hear a Song I have made to Day, and which may not displease you. With all my Heart, said *Abon Hassan*, taking the Glass, and as Commander of the Faithful I command you to sing it, for I am perswaded that so beautiful a Lady as your self must abound with Wit and Humour. The Lady took a Lute, and tuning it to her Voice, sang with so much Justness and Grace, and with such delicate Turns of Thought and Expressions, that *Abon Hassan* was in a perfect Ecstasy, all the Time, and was so much delighted, that he order'd her to sing it again.

When the Lady had done, *Abon Hassan* drank off his Glass, and turning his Head towards her, to give her those Praises which he thought due to her, fell fast asleep, with his Mouth open, gaping, and his Eyes close shut, just in the same Condition as when the Califf brought him from Home; who took a greater Satisfaction in this Scene, than he could have promised himself. One of the Ladies stood ready to catch the Glass, which fell out of his Hand; and then the Califf, who was all-along a Spectator of what pass'd, came into the Hall to them, and ordered *Abon Hassan* to be dress'd again in his own Cloaths, and to be carry'd back again to his own House, by the same Slave that brought him, charging him to lay him on a Sofa, in the same Room, and to leave the Door open.

The Slave took *Abon Hassan* upon his Shoulders, and carried him Home by a Back-door of the Palace, and returned with Speed, to acquaint the Califf he had executed his Commands. Well, said the Califf, *Abon Hassan* wished only to be Califf for one Day, to punish the *Iman* of the Mosque, and the four *Scheiks*, or old Men of his Division, who had displeas'd him: I have procured him the Means, and he ought to be content.

In the mean Time, *Abon Hassan* who was laid upon a Sofa by the Slave, slept very late the next Morning. When the Powder was work'd off, *Abon Hassan* open'd his Eyes, and finding himself at Home, was in the utmost Surprise; *Cluster of Pearls! Morning Star! Coral Lips! Fair Face!* cry'd he, calling the Ladies of the Palace by their Names, as he remember'd them; where are you? Come hither!

*Abon Hassan* call'd so loud, that his Mother who was in her own Apartment heard, and running to him upon the Noise he made, said, What do-you mean? Son, what is the Matter! At these Words *Abon Hassan* lifted up his Head, and looking haughtily at his Mother, said, Good Woman! Who is it you call Son? Why you, answer'd his Mother very calmly, are not you *Abon Hassan* my Son? It is a strange Thing that you have forgot your self. I your Son! Old Trull! reply'd *Abon Hassan*, thou art mad, and know not what thou say'st! I am not *Abon Hassan*, I tell you, but the Commander of the Faithful!

Hold

Hold your Tongue, Son, answer'd the Mother! one would think you were a Fool, to hear you talk thus. You are an old Fool your self! reply'd *Abon Hassân*, I tell you once more, I am the Commander of the Faithful, and God's Vicar on Earth! Ah! Child! cry'd the Mother, is it possible that I should hear you utter such Words that shew you are distracted! What evil Genius possesses you to make you talk at this Rate? God bless you, and preserve you from the Power of Satan: You are my Son *Abon Hassân*, and I am your Mother.

After she had made use of all the Arguments she could think of, to bring him to himself, and to shew how great an Error he was in, she said, Don't you see that the Room you are now in, is your own, and is not like a Chamber fit for the Commander of the Believers? Think seriously of what I have said to you, and don't fancy Things that are not, nor cannot be.

*Abon Hassân* heard all these Remonstrances of his Mother very patiently, holding down his Eyes, and clapping his Hands before his Face; like one who was looking into himself, to examine the Truth of what he saw and heard. At last, said he to his Mother, just as if he was come out of a deep Sleep, and with his Hands in the same Posture; methinks I am *Abon Hassân*, you are my Mother, and I am in my own Room. Then looking about him again, he added, I am *Abon Hassân*, there's no doubt of it, and I cannot comprehend how this Fancy came into my Head.

The Mother really believ'd that her Son was cur'd of that Disorder of his Mind, and began to laugh, and ask him Questions about his Dream; when all on a Sudden he started up on his Breech, and looking crossly at his Mother, said, Old Sorcerers! thou know'st not what thou say'st; I am not thy Son, nor thou my Mother, but the Commander of the Faithful, and thou shalt never persuade me to the contrary! For Heaven's Sake! Son, said the Mother, let us leave off this Discourse, and talk of something else, for fear some Misfortune should happen to us! I'll tell you what fell out Yesterday in our Division, to the *Iman* of the Mosque, and the four *Scheiks* our Neighbours: The Judge of the Police came and seiz'd them, and gave each of them I don't know how many Strokes with a Bull's Pizzle,

and



and afterwards led them thro' all the Streets, with a Cryer before them, who proclaimed, That that was the Punishment of all those who troubled themselves about other Folk's Business, and set their Neighbours at Variance; and order'd them never to come into our Division again. *Abon Hassan's* Mother could not imagine that her Son had any Share in this Adventure, and therefore turned the Discourse this Way, to put him out of the Conceit of being the Commander of the Faithful; but instead of effacing that Idea, she rather strengthened it.

*Abon Hassan* no sooner heard this Relation, but he cry'd out, I am neither thy Son, nor *Abon Hassan*, but certainly the Commander of the Believers; I cannot doubt of it after what you have told me! Know then, That it was by my Order that the *Iman* and the four *Scheiks* were punished; and I tell you I am certainly the Commander of the Faithful; therefore don't tell me any more of its being a Dream. I was not asleep, but as much awake as I am now. You do me a Pleasure to confirm what the Judge of the Police told me he had executed, according to my Order; and I am over-joy'd that that *Iman* and the four *Scheiks*, those great Hypocrites, were so chastis'd, and would be glad to know how I came here. God be prais'd for all Things, I am certainly Commander of the Faithful, and all thy Arguments shall not convince me to the contrary.

The Mother, who could not divine or imagine why her Son supported and maintain'd himself so strenuously to be Califf, never disputed but that he had lost his Senses, when she found he insisted so much upon a Thing that was so incredible, and in this Thought said, I pray God, Son, to have Mercy upon you, pray don't talk so madly. Beseech God to forgive you, and give you Grace to talk more reasonably. What would the World say, to hear you rave in this Manner? Don't you know, they say, Walls have Ears?

These Remonstrances only enrag'd *Abon Hassan* the more, and he was so provok'd at his Mother, that he said, O'd Woman, I have bid you once already hold your Tongue, if you don't, I shall rise and give you Cause to repent it all your Life time; I am the Califf, and the Commander

der of the Believers, and you ought to believe me when I say so.

Then the good Woman perceiving that he was more Lunatick than ever, abandon'd her self to Tears, and beating her Face and Breast, express'd the utmost Grief and Astonishment to see her Son in that Distraction: *Abon Hassan*, instead of appeasing, and being mov'd by his Mother's Tears, on the contrary, lost all the Respect due from a Son to a Mother, and getting up hastily, and laying hold of a Cane, ran to his Mother in great Fury, and in a threatening Manner, said, Tell me presently, wicked Woman, who I am? I don't believe, Son, reply'd she, looking at him tenderly, and void of Fear, that you are so abandon'd by God, not to know your Mother who brought you into the World, and your self. Indeed, you are my Son *Abon Hassan*, and are very much in the Wrong to arrogate to your self the Title of our Sovereign Lord the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, after the noble and generous Present that Monarch made us Yesterday. In short, I forgot to tell you, That the Grand Visier *Giasar* came to me Yesterday, and putting a Purse of a thousand Pieces of Gold into my Hands, bid me pray for the Commander of the Faithful, who made me that Present.

At these Words *Abon Hassan* grew quite mad: The Circumstances of the Califf's Liberality his Mother told him of, perswaded him more than ever that he was Califf, remembering how he had sent the Visier. Well, old Hag, cried he, wil you be convinc'd when I tell you, that I sent you those thousand Pieces of Gold by my Grand Visier *Giasar*, who obey'd my Commands, as I was Commander of the Faithful! But instead of believing me, thou endeavourest to distract me by thy Contradictions, and maintaining with Obstinacy that I am thy Son; but thou shalt not go long unpunish'd: After these Words, he was so unnatural in the Height of his Frenzy, to beat her cruelly with the Cane.

The poor Mother, who could not have thought that her Son would have come so soon from Words to Blows, called out for Help so loud, that the Neighbours ran in to her Assistance; but in the mean Time, *Abon Hassan* at every Stroke ask'd her if he was the Commander of the Faithful,

ful, to which she always answer'd tenderly that he was her Son.

By that Time the Neighbours came in; *Abon Hassan's* Rage began to abate: The first who enter'd the Room, got between him and his Mother, and taking the Cane out of his Hand, said to him, What are you doing *Abon Hassan*, have you no Fear of God, nor Reason? Did ever a Son so well brought up as you, ever dare to strike his Mother? And are not you asham'd to treat yours so, who loves you tenderly? *Abon Hassan* look'd at him that spoke without returning an Answer, and then staring on all that follow'd him, said, Who is that *Abon Hassan* you speak of, is it me you call by that Name?

This Question put the Neighbours a little to the stand. How! said he, that spoke first, don't you know your Mother who brought you up, and with whom you have always liv'd? Be gone, you are impertinent Peop'e, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, I neither know her, nor you, and won't know you: I am not *Abon Hassan*, but will make you know to your Cost, I am the Commander of the Faithful.

At this Discourse the Neighbours no longer doubted but that he was mad; and to prevent his being guilty of the like Actions, seiz'd him, notwithstanding his Resistance, and bound him Hand and Foot, while one in the mean Time ran for the Keeper of the Hospital for mad Folks, who came presently with a Bull's Pizzle, Chains and Handcuffs, and a great many Attendants. When they entered the Room, *Abon Hassan*, who little expected such Treatment, endeavour'd all he could to unloose himself; but after the Keeper had given him two or three smart Strokes upon his Shoulders, with the Bull's Pizzle, he laid so quiet, that the Keeper and his People might do what they would with him; who as soon as they had bound and manacled him, took him with them to the Hospital; where before the Keeper put him into a Room, he regal'd him with fifty Strokes of the Bull's Pizzle on his Shoulders, which he repeated every Day, without Pity, for three Weeks, bidding him to remember that he was not the Commander of the Faithful.

*Abon*



*Abon Hassan's* Mother went every Day to see her Son; and could not forbear crying, to see him fall away daily, and to hear him sigh and complain at the Hardships he endur'd. In short, his Shoulder, Back and Sides, were so black and blue, and bruis'd, that he could not turn himself. His Mother would willingly have talk'd with him, to comfort him, and to sound him whether he still retain'd the Notion of being Califf; but whenever she open'd her Mouth, he rebuk'd her with so much Fury, that she was forc'd to leave him, and return'd Home inconsolate at his Obstinacy.

At last those strong and lively Ideas, which *Abon Hassan* entertain'd, of being cloath'd in the Califf's Habit, and having us'd all his Authority, and being obey'd very punctually, and treated like the true Califf, and which perswaded him when he awak'd that he was so, all began to be insensibly effac'd. Sometimes he would say to himself, if I was the Califf, and Commander of the Believers, how came I Home dress'd in my own Apparel? Why should I not have been attended by my Eunuchs and Ladies? Why should my Grand Visier *Giafar*, and all those Emirs and Governors of Provinces, who prostrated themselves at my Feet, forsake me? Undoubtedly if I had any Authority over them, they would have deliver'd me all this Time out of this miserable Condition I am in; Certainly I ought to look upon all as a Dream? 'Tis true, I commanded the Judge of the Police to punish the *Iman*, and four old Men his Companions; I order'd *Giafar* the Grand Visier to carry my Mother a thousand Pieces of Gold, and all my Commands were executed: All these Things are Obstacles to my believing it a Dream; but yet there are so many things that I cannot comprehend, nor never shall, that I'll put my Trust in God who knows all Things.

*Abon Hassan* was taken up with these Thoughts and Sentiments, when his Mother came to see him, who found him so much alter'd and chang'd from what he had been, that she let fall a Torrent of Tears; in the midst of which, she saluted him as she us'd to do, and he return'd her salute, which he had never done before, while he had been in the Hospital. This Civility she looked upon to be a good Sign; well, Son, said she, how do you do, and how do you find your self, have you renounc'd all those Whims and Fancies

Fancies which some curſed Dæmon had put into your Head? Indeed Mother, reply'd *Abon Haſſan* very rationally and calmly, I acknowledge my Error, and beg of you to forgive the execrable Crime, which I have been guilty of towards you, and which I deteſt. I aſk pardon alſo of all my Neighbours that I have abuſ'd. I have been deceiv'd by a Dream; but by ſo extraordinary a one, and ſo like to Truth, that any other Perſon to whom ſuch a Thing might have happen'd, would have been guilty of as great Extravagance; and I am at this Inſtant ſo much perplex'd about it, that I can hardly perſwade my ſelf but that it was Matter of Fact: But whatever it was, I do, and will always look upon it as a Dream and Illuſion. I am convinc'd that I am not that Shadow of a Califf, and Commander of the Faithful, but *Abon Haſſan* your Son, and ſhall forget that fatal Day which cover'd me with Shame and Confuſion, and honour and reſpect you all my Life as I ought.

At theſe ſenſible Words, the Mother of *Abon Haſſan* chang'd the Tears of her Sorrow and Affliction into thoſe of Joy, to find her Son ſo well recovered: My dear Child, ſaid ſhe, transported with Pleaſure, my Satisfaction and Comfort is inexpressible, to hear you talk ſo reaſonably, and gives me as much Joy as if I had brought you into the World a ſecond Time; but I muſt obſerve one Thing in this Adventure; which you may not have taken Notice of; the Stranger that you brought Home one Night to ſup with you, went away without ſhutting your Chamber-Door after him, as you deſir'd him, which I believe gave ſome Dæmon an Opportunity to enter and put you into that horrible Illuſion you were in; and therefore my Son, you ought to return God Thanks for your Deliverance, and beſeech him to keep you out of the Snares of the evil Spirit.

You have found out the Source of my Miſfortunes answered *Abon Haſſan*, 'twas that very Night I had this Dream, which turn'd my Brain: I bid the Merchant expreſſly to ſhut the Door after him, and now I find he did not do it; I am perſuaded, as well as you, ſome Devil came in and fill'd my Head full of theſe Fancies: For they at *Mouſel*, are not ſo well convinc'd that the Devil, is the Cauſe of troubleſome Dreams, as we are at *Bagdad*. But ſince Mother you ſee I am ſo well recovered, for God's Sake get me out of this helliſh Place. The

The Mother glad to find her Son so well cur'd of his foolish Imagination of being Califf, went immediately to the Keeper, and assuring him that he was very sensible and well, he came and examin'd him and afterwards gave him his Liberty.

When *Abon Hassan* came Home, he stay'd within Doors some Days to comfort himself by better Food and Nourishment, than what he had at the Hospital: But when he had recover'd his Strength, and refresh'd himself after his harsh Treatment, he began to be weary with spending his Evenings, alone, and so enter'd again upon the same way of Living as before; which was to provide enough every Day, to regale a Stranger at Night.

The Day on which *Abon Hassan* renew'd this Custom, happen'd to be the first Day of the Month; which was the Day that the Califf always set apart, to go disguis'd thro' the Town, to observe what Irregularities, were committed in the Government of the City. Towards the Evening, he went to the Bridge and sat himself on a Bench, which was fixt to the Parapet, where looking about him, he perceiv'd the Califf disguis'd again like a *Moussel* Merchant, and follow'd by the same Slave; and perswaded that all his Misfortunes, were owing to the Califf's leaving his Door open, (whom he took for a Merchant) he swoon'd at the Sight of him: God preserve me, said he to himself, if I am not deceiv'd, there's the Magician again, that enchanted me, and thereupon got up, and look'd over the Parapet into the River, that he might not see him.

The Califf who had a mind to carry on this Joke farther, had taken a great deal of Care, to inform himself of all that happen'd, when *Abon Hassan* waked at Home and conceiv'd a great Pleasure, at the Relation given him, especially, at his being sent to a Mad-House. But as that Monarch was both just and generous, and had taken a great Liking to *Abon Hassan*, he design'd after he had carried on this Scene, to take him into his Palace; and to pursue this Project, he had dress'd himself again like a Merchant of *Moussel*: He perceiv'd *Abon Hassan* at the same time, that he saw him, and presently guess'd by his Actions, that he was angry with him, and wanted to shun him. This made him walk close to that Parapet *Abon Hassan* lean'd over; and when he came nigh him, he put his Head over to look him.



him in the Face: Ho, Brother *Abon Hassan*, said he, is it you, give me Leave to embrace you, not I, reply'd *Abon Hassan* roughly, without looking at the pretended *Moussel Merchant*, I won't embrace you, I have nothing to say to you, go along.

What! answer'd the Califf, don't you know me? Don't you remember the Evening we spent together, at your House this Day Month, where you did me the Honour, to treat me very generously? No, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, I don't know you nor what you talk about, go, I say again, about your Business.

The Califf was not to be dash'd with this rude Behaviour of *Abon Hassan's*: He knew very well the Law he had impos'd upon himself, never to have any Commerce again with a Stranger he had once entertain'd; and tho' *Abon Hassan* had declar'd so much to him, he pretended to be ignorant of it: I cannot believe said he, but you must know me again; it is not possible that you should have forgot me, in so short a Time; certainly some Misfortune has befall you, which gives you this Aversion; however, you ought to remember, that I shew my Acknowledgment by good Wishes, and that I have offer'd you my Interest which is not despicable in an Affair, which you had very much at Heart.

I don't know, reply'd *Abon Hassan* what your Interest may be, and I have no Desire to make use of it; but I am sensible the utmost of your Wishes were to make me mad. In God's Name, I say once more, go your Way, and trouble me no more.

Ah! Brother *Abon Hassan*, reply'd the Califf embracing him, I don't intend to part with you in this Manner, since I have had the good Fortune to meet with you a second Time, you must exercise the same Hospitality, towards me again, that you shew'd me a Month ago, when I had the Honour to drink with you.

I have protested against it, said *Abon Hassan*, and have so much Power over my self, not to receive such a Man as you: You know the Proverb, *Take up your Drum, and be gone*; make the Application to your self, God be with you, you have been the Cause of my Misfortune, and I will not venture my self with you again: My good Friend *Abon Hassan*, reply'd the Califf, embracing him again,  
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gain, I beg of you not to treat me after this injurious Manner, but be better perswaded of my Friendship: Do me the Favour to tell me what has happen'd to you, for I assure you I wish you well, and would be glad of an Opportunity to make you an Amends for the Trouble I have caus'd you, if it has been actually my Fault. *Abon Hassan* yielded to the pressing Instances of the Califf, and bid him sit down by him: Your Incredulity and Importunity, said he, have tir'd my Patience, and what I am going to tell you, will shew you that I do not accuse you wrongfully.

The Califf sat down by *Abon Hassan*, while he told him all that happen'd to him, from his walking in the Palace, to his waking again in his own House, all as a meer Dream, with all the Circumstances which the Califf knew as well as himself, and which renew'd his Pleasure. He exaggerated afterwards upon the Impression that Dream of being Califf made upon him, which he said threw him into such Extravagancies, that he was carry'd to the Mad-House, and us'd very barbarously. But, said he, what will surprize you, and what you little think of, is, That it was altogether your Fault, that these Things fell out; for if you remember, I desir'd you to shut the Door after you, which you neglected, and some Devil finding it open, put this Dream into my Head, which tho' it was very agreeable, was the Cause of the Misfortune I complain of; therefore you, for your Negligence, are answerable for the horrible and detestable Crime I was guilty of for lifting my Hand against my Mother, whom I might have kill'd, and committed Parricide, because she said I was her Son, and she would not acknowledge me for the Commander of the Faithful: Besides, I blush when I think of it, and that all my Neighbours were Witnesses of my Folly. In short, *Abon Hassan* complain'd of his Misfortunes with great Heat and Vehemence, and did not forget the least Circumstance; which pleas'd the Califf to find that he had succeeded so well, who could not help bursting out a Laughing, at the Simplicity wherewith he related them.

*Abon Hassan*, who thought that his Story should rather move Compassion, and that every one ought to be as much concern'd at it as himself, very much relented the pretended *Monssiel Merchant's* Laughter; What! said he, do you make

make a Jest of me to laugh in my Face, or do you believe that I don't speak seriously? If you want Proofs of what I advance, look and see whether or no I tell you the Truth; with that stooping down, and baring his Shoulders, he shew'd the Califf the Strokes and Wheals the Bull's Pizzle had made.

The Califf could not behold these Objects of Horror, without pitying poor *Abon Hassan*, and being sorry for carrying the Jest so far. Come, rise dear Brother, said he, hugging *Abon Hassan* friendly in his Arms, let me go and enjoy the Happiness of being merry with you to Night, to Morrow, an please God, al Things will go well.

*Abon Hassan*, notwithstanding his Resolution and Oath, could not resist the Califf's Caresses. I'll consent, said he, to the pretended Merchant, if you will swear to shut my Door after you, that no Demon may come in to distract my Brain again. The Califf promised that he would; upon which they both got up, and, follow'd by the Califf's Slave, reach'd *Abon Hassan's* House by that Time that it was dark.

As soon as *Abon Hassan* enter'd the Doors, he call'd for Candles, and desir'd his Guest to sit down upon a Sofa, and then plac'd himself by him. A little Time after, Supper was brought up, and they both fell too without Ceremony; afterwards there came up a small Desert of Fruit, Wine and Glasses. *Abon Hassan* first fill'd out his own Glass, and then the Califf's, and after they had drunk some time, and talk'd of indifferent Matters, the Califf perceiving that his Host grew warm in Liquor, began to talk of Love, and ask'd him if he had never been sensible of that Passion.

Brother, reply'd *Abon Hassan* familiarly, I never look'd upon Love or Marriage, but as Bondage or Slavery, to which I was always unwilling to submit; and must own to you, that I never lov'd any thing but good Cheer and good Wine; in short, to divert and entertain my self agreeably with my Friends. But yet I don't tell you that I am so indifferent for Marriage, or incapable of an Inclination, if I could meet with a Woman of such Beauty and Sweetness of Temper, as those I saw in my Dream, that fatal Night I first saw you, and receiv'd you into my House, and you, to my Misfortune, left my Door open, who would pass the whole Night with me, drinking and  
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singing, and playing on some Instrument, and who would study to please and divert me: I believe, on the contrary, I should change all my Indifference to a perfect Attachment to such a Person, and I believe, should live very happily with her. But where is such a Woman to be found, but in the Califf's Palace, or in those of the Grand Vizier, or some great Lords of the Court, who want no Money? I chuse rather to stick close to my Bottle, which is a Pleasure much cheaper, and which I can enjoy as well as they. In saying these Words, he fill'd out his own, and the Califf's Glass, and said, Come, take your Glass, and let us pursue this charming Pleasure.

When they had drunk off their Wine, 'tis great Pity, said the Califf, that so gallant a Man as you, who owns himself not insensible of Love, should lead so solitary a Life. I prefer the easy quiet Life I live, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, before the Company of a Wife, whose Beauty might not please, and who, besides, might create me a great deal of Trouble by her Imperfections, and perhaps, ill Humour. This Subject lasted a long Time, and the Califf seeing *Abon Hassan* had drank up to the Pitch he wanted to have him, said, Let me alone, since you have so good a Taste, I warrant you I'll find you one that shall please you; then taking *Abon Hassan's* Glass, and putting a Pinch of the same Powder into it again, fill'd him a Bumper, and presenting it to him, said, Come, let us drink first the fair Lady's Health, who is to make you happy.

*Abon Hassan* took the Glass laughing, and shaking his Head, said, Come, I'll drink the Lady's Health you promise me, tho' I am very well contented as I am, and don't rely on your Promise; but cannot be guilty of so great a Piece of Incivility, to disoblige a Guest of so much Merit in such a trifling Matter. But as soon as he had drank off his Liquor, he was seiz'd with as deep a Sleep as before, and the Califf order'd the same Slave to take him and carry him to the Palace, and in the mean Time shut the Door after him, as he had promis'd, and follow'd them.

When they arriv'd at the Palace, the Califf order'd *Abon Hassan* to be laid on a Sofa, in the fourth Hall, from whence he was carry'd Home; but first, he bid them put him on the same Habit which he acted the Califf in. After that, he charg'd all the Eunuchs, Officers, Ladies and  
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Musicians, who were in the Hall when he drank the last Glas of Wine, to be thereby Day-break, and to take Care to act their Parts well, and then went to Bed, charging *Mefrour* to wake him before they went into the Hall, that he might hide himself in the Closet as before.

*Mefrour* waken'd the Califf at the Hour appointed, who immediately rose and went into the Hall where *Abon Hassan* was laid fast asleep, and when he had plac'd himself in his Closet, *Mefrour* and the other Officers, Ladies and Musicians who waited for him went in, and plac'd themselves about the Sofa, so that the Califf might see what passed.

Things being thus dispos'd, and the Califf's Powder having had its effect, *Abon Hassan* began to stir, and the Musick began to play a very agreeable Consort. *Abon Hassan* was in a great Surprize to hear that charming Harmony, but when he open'd his Eyes, and saw the Ladies and Officers about him, and which he thought he knew again, his Amazement was as great again. The Hall that he was in seem'd to be the same he dream'd of, and he observ'd the the same Branches, and the same Furniture and Ornaments.

When the Consort was ended, he bit his Finger, and cry'd loud enough for the Califf to hear him, Alas! I am fallen again into the same Dream and Illusion that happen'd to me a Month ago, and must expect again the Bull's Pizzle and Mad-House. Almighty God, added he, I commit my self into the Hands of thy divine Providence. He was a wicked Man that I entertain'd at my House last Night, who has been the Cause of this Illusion, and the miserable Hardships I must undergo. The base Wretch swore to shut the Door after him, and did not do it, and the Devil came in and fill'd my Head full of this wicked Dream of being Commander of the Faithful and other Phantoms which bewitch my Eyes. May thou be confounded Satan, and crush'd under some Mountain!

After these Words, *Abon Hassan* clos'd his Eyes, and remain'd sometime thoughtful, and overmuch perplex'd, then opening them again, and looking about him, cry'd out a second time, Great God! I commit my self into the Hands of thy Providence, preserve me from the Temptations of Satan. Then shutting them again, he said, All that I know, is, I'll go to sleep till Satan leaves me, and  
returns

returns as he came. When one of the Ladies approach'd, and sitting down on the Sofa by him, said to him, Commander of the Faithful, I beg of your Majesty to forgive me for taking the Liberty to tell you not to go to sleep, Day appears and 'tis Time to rise. Be gone, Satan! answer'd *Abon Hassan*, raising his Voice; but looking upon the Lady, he said, Is it me you call the Commander of the Faithful? Certainly you take me for somebody else. 'Tis to your Majesty I give that Title, reply'd the Lady, to whom it belongs, as you are Sovereign of the World and the Mussulmen, and I am your most humble Slave. Undoubtedly your Majesty, added she, pretends to have forgot your self, or this is the Effect of some troublesome Dream; but if you would but open your Eyes, the Mists which may disturb your Imagination will soon be dispell'd, and you will find your self in your own Palace surrounded by your Officers and Slaves, who all wait your Commands: And that your Majesty may not be surprized to find your self in this Hall, and not in Bed, I beg leave to tell you, That you fell so suddenly asleep last Night, that we were unwilling to wake you, to conduct you to your own Chamber, but laid you carefully upon this Sofa: In short, she urg'd so many Things to him that were so very probable, that at last he sat up on his Breech, and knew all the Ladies again. Then she who spoke first, assuming the Discourse, said, Commander of the Faithful, and the Prophet's Vicar on Earth, be not displeas'd if I acquaint your Majesty once more, that it is Time to rise, for Day appears.

You are all very troublesome and importunate, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, rubbing his Eyes; I am not the Commander of the Faithful, but *Abon Hassan*, and you shall not persuade me otherwise. We don't know that *Abon Hassan* your Majesty speaks of, answer'd the Lady, but know you to be the Commander of Believers.

*Abon Hassan* looking about, and finding himself in the same Hall, attributed all he saw and heard to be such a Dream as he had before, and fear'd very much the dreadful Consequences. Heaven have mercy on me! said he, lifting up his Hands and Eyes like a Man, who knew not where he was, after what I have seen, there's no Dispute but



but that the Devil, who came into my Chamber, possesses me, and fills my Imagination full of all these Visions.

The Califf who saw him all the Time, and heard these Exclamations, almost kill'd himself with Laughing, and had much ado to forbear bursting out into so loud a Laughter, but that the false Califf must have heard him.

Afterwards *Abon Hassan* laying himself down again, and shutting his Eyes, the same Lady said again, Since your Majesty does not rise, after we have according to our Duty told you it was Day, and the Dispatch of Business requires your Presence, we shall use the Liberty you give us in such like Cases. Then taking him by one Arm, and calling to one of the other Ladies to do the same by the other, they lifted him up, and carry'd him into the Middle of the Hall, where they sat him on his Breech, and all taking Hands, danc'd round him while the Musick play'd.

*Abon Hassan* was in an inexpressible perplexity of Mind, and said, What! am I indeed Califf and Commander of the Faithful? And in the Uncertainty he was in, would have said something more, but the Musick was so loud, that he could not be heard. At last he made a Sign to two of the Ladies who were dancing, that he wanted to speak with them, upon which they forbore, and went to him. Don't lie now, said he, but tell me truly who I am?

Commander of the Faithful, reply'd one of the Ladies, your Majesty would either surprize us, by asking this Question, or else you must have had some very extraordinary Dream to Night, which may very well be, considering that your Majesty has slept longer to Night than ordinary; however if you will give me leave, I'll refresh your Memory with what pass'd Yesterday. Then she told him how he went to the Council, punish'd the *imam* and the four old Men, and sent a Present by his Grand Vizier, of a thousand pieces of Gold, to the Mother of one *Abon Hassan*; after that, continued she, your Majesty din'd in the three Hills, and in the fourth did us the Honour to make us sit down by you, to hear our Songs, and receive Wine from our Hands, till your Majesty fell so fast asleep that you never waken'd, contrary to Custom, before Day.

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All your Slaves and Officers can confirm what I say, and 'tis now Time you should go to Prayers.

Very well, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, shaking his Head, you would have me believe all this, but I can tell you, you are all Fools, or mad, and that's a great Pity, for you are handsome. For I can tell you, that since I saw you, I have been at Home, where I us'd my Mother so ill, that they sent me to a Mad-house, and kept me there three Weeks, and beat me every Day with a Bull's Pizzle, and yet you would make me believe all this to be a Dream. Commander of the Faithful, answer'd the Lady, we are all ready to swear, by what your Majesty holds most dear, that all you tell is a Dream, for you never stirr'd out of this Hall since Yesterday, but slept here all Night long.

The Confidence with which the Lady assur'd *Abon Hassan* that all she said was Truth, and that he had never been out of the Hall since that Time, made him not know what to believe, but bewilder'd his Senses. O Heaven! said he to himself, am I *Abon Hassan*, or the Commander of the Faithful! Almighty God, enlighten my Understanding, and inform me of the Truth. Then he bar'd his Shoulders, and shew'd the Ladies the livid Wheals. Look and judge, said he, whether these Strokes could come to me in a Dream, or when I was asleep. For my Part, I can affirm that they were real Blows, for I feel the Smart of them yet, and that's a Testimony there's no room to doubt of. Now if I receiv'd these Strokes in my Sleep, it is the most surprizing, and extraordinary thing in the World, and what I cannot understand.

In this Uncertainty, *Abon Hassan* call'd to one of the Officers that stood round him: Come hither, said he, and bite the Tip of my Ear that I may know whether I am asleep or awake. The Officer obey'd him, and bit so hard, that he made him cry out horribly; the Musick struck up at the same time, and the Officers and Ladies all began to dance and skip about *Abon Hassan*, and made such a Noise, that he was in a perfect Enthusiasm, and play'd a thousand merry Tricks. He tore off his Califf's Habit, threw off his Turbant, and jump'd up in his Shirt and Drawers, and taking hold of two of the Ladies

Hands, fell a dancing and singing, and jumping and cutting Capers, that the Califf could not contain himself, but burst out into so violent a Laughter, at this sudden Pleasantry of *Abon Hassan's*, that he fell backwards, and made a greater Noise than the Musicians, and all of them together, and lay in that Condition for some Time. At last he got up again, and putting out his Head, cry'd out, *Abon Hassan, Abon Hassan*, what have you a Mind to kill me with Laughing?

As soon as the Califf's Voice was heard, every body was silent, and *Abon Hassan*, among the rest, who turning his Head to see from whence the Voice came, knew the Califf, and the *Moussel* Merchant but was not in the least dash'd, but on the contrary, found that he was awake, and all that had happen'd to him was Matter of Fact, and not a Dream. He enter'd into the Califf's Pleasantry and Intentions: Ha! ha! said he, looking at him with a good Assurance, you are a Merchant of *Moussel*, and complain that I would kill you, who have been the Occasion of my using my Mother so ill, and being sent to a Mad-house, 'Twas you who treated the *Iman* and the four *Scheiks* in the Manner they were us'd, and not me, I wash my Hands of it. 'Twas you who have been the Cause of all my Disorders; in short, you are the Aggressor, and I the injur'd Person.

Indeed, you are in the right of it, *Abon Hassan*, answer'd the Califf, laughing all the while; but to comfort thee, and make thee amends for all thy Troubles, I call Heaven to witness I am ready, and willing to make thee what Reparation thou pleasest to ask. After these Words, he came out of the Closet into the Hall, and order'd one of his most magnificent Habits to be brought, and commanded the Ladies to dress *Abon Hassan* in it, and when they had done so he said, embracing him, Thou art my Brother, ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Commander of the Faithful, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, I beg of your Majesty to do me the Favour to tell me what you did to disturb my Brain in this Manner, and what was your Design; for that is a Thing of the greatest Importance for me to know, that I may perfectly recover my Senses.



The Califf promis'd to give him that Satisfaction, and said, First you ought to know, that I often disguise my self, and particularly at Nights, to observe what Irregularities are committed in *Bagdad*; besides, I set apart the first Day of every Month to make a Tour about it, sometimes on one Side, and sometimes another, but always return by the Bridge. That Evening that you invited me to Supper, I had been taking my Rounds, and in our Discourse you told me, that the only Thing you wish'd for, was to be Califf for four and twenty Hours, to punish the *Iman* of your Mosque, and his four Counsellors. I fancy'd that this Desire of thine would afford me a great deal of Diversion, and thought immediately how I might procure thee that Satisfaction. I had about me a certain Powder, which throws immediately the Person that takes it in a sound Sleep, for such a Time. I put a Dose of it, without being perceiv'd by thee, into the last Glass I presented to thee, upon which you fell fast asleep, and I order'd my Slave to carry you to my Palace, and came away without shutting the Door. I have no Occasion to repeat what happen'd at my Palace when you waked, but after you had been regal'd all Day, one of the Slaves by my Order, put another Dose of the same Powder, at Night, into a Glass she gave you, you fell asleep as before, and the same Slave carry'd you Home, and left the Door open. You told me all that happen'd to you afterwards. I never imagin'd that you could have suffer'd so much as you have done. But as I have a great Regard for you, I'll make you amends; and that you may have no Cause to remember your ill Treatment, think of what would please you, and ask me boldly for it.

Commander of the Faithful, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, how great soever my tortures may have been, they were all blotted out of my Remembrance, as soon as I understood my Sovereign Lord had any Share in them, and doubt not in the least of your Majesty's Bounty. But as Interest never had any sway over me, and I have the Liberty to ask a Question, I beg that it may be that of having Access to your Person, to have the Happiness of admiring, all my Life-time, your Grandeur.

This last Proof of *Abon Hassan's*, Generosity, compleated the Esteem the Califf had entertain'd for him. I am mightily pleas'd with thy Request, said the Califf, and grant thee free Access to my Person, at all Times, and all Hours. In short, he assign'd him an Apartment in the Palace, and in Regard to his Pension, told him, that he would not have him have any thing to do with his Treasurer, but to come always to him for an Order upon him. *Abon Hassan* made a low Bow, and the Califf left him to go to Council.

*Abon Hassan* made use of this Time to go and inform his Mother of his good Fortune, and what had happen'd, which he told her was not a Dream; for that he had actually been Califf, and had acted as such, and receiv'd all the Honours; and that she had no Reason to doubt of it, since he had it confirm'd by the Califf himself.

It was not long before this new Story of *Abon Hassan* was spread all about *Bagdad*, and was carry'd into all the Provinces both far and near, and not one single Circumstance scarce omitted.

The new Favourite *Abon Hassan* was always with the Califf; for, as he was a Man of a pleasant Temper, and created Mirth by all his Words and Actions, the Califf could not live without him, and often carry'd him along with him to see his Spouse *Zobeide*, to whom he told his Story, and who was mightily pleas'd with him, and observ'd, that every Time he came with the Califf, he had his Eyes always fix'd upon one of her Slaves, call'd *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, (which is to say, *Renew'd-Pleasure*) and resolv'd to tell the Califf of it. Commander of the Faithful, said that Princess one Day, you don't observe so well as me, that every Time *Abon Hassan* attends you in your Visits to me, he never keeps his Eyes off *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, and makes her blush, which is almost a certain Sign that she entertains no Aversion for him; if you approve of it, we will make a Match between them.

Madam, reply'd the Califf, you put me in Mind of a Thing which I ought to have done before now. I know *Abon Hassan's* Taste of Marriage from himself, and have always promis'd him a Wife that should please him. I am glad you mention'd it, for I know not how I came to forget it. But it is better that *Abon Hassan* has follow'd his own

own Inclination, and chose for himself; and if *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* is not averse to it, we ought not to hesitate upon their Marriage; and since they are both present, let them declare that they give consents.

*Abon Hassan* threw himself at the Califf's and *Zobeide*'s Feet, to shew the Sense he had of their Bounty, and rising up, said, I cannot receive a Wife from better Hands, but dare not hope that *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* will give me hers; at these Words he look'd upon the Princess's Slave, who shew'd by her respectful Silence, and the sudden Blush that arose in her Cheeks, that she was dispos'd to obey the Califf and her Mistress *Zobeide*.

The Marriage was solemniz'd, and the Nuptials celebrated in the Palace, with great Rejoycings, which lasted several Days. *Zobeide*, in Respect to the Califf, made her Slave considerable Presents, and the Califf did the same to *Abon Hassan*. The Bride was conducted to the Apartment, the Califf had assign'd *Abon Hassan*, who waited for her with all the Impatience of a Bridegroom, and receiv'd her with Soundings of Trumpets, and all Sorts of Instruments, which play'd in Concert, and made the Air echo again their sweet and harmonious Notes.

After these Feasts and Rejoycings, which lasted several Days, the new married Couple were left to pursue their Loves peaceably. *Abon Hassan* and his Spouse were charm'd with each other, and liv'd together in a perfect Union, and seldom were asunder, but when either he paid his Respects to the Califf, or she to *Zobeide*. Indeed, *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* was endu'd with all the Qualifications capable of gaining *Abon Hassan*'s Love and Attachment, and was just such a Wife as he desir'd, therefore they could want nothing to render their Lives agreeable. They always eat the nicest, and choicest Rarities in Season, and had the best Meats tossed up in Frigafys and Ragouts, &c. by an excellent Cook, who took upon him to provide every thing. Their Boufet was always stor'd with exquisite Wines. At Dinner they enjoy'd themselves in this Manner, and afterwards entertain'd each other with some Pleasantry or other, and in the Evenings which they consecrated to Mirth, they had generally some slight Repast of dry'd Sweetmeats, choice Fruits, and other light Meats, and invited each other by Songs and Catches to drink, and sometimes play'd to



their Voices on a Lute, or other Instruments which they could touch.

*Abon Hassan* and *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* liv'd a long Time in this Manner, when the Caterer who imburied all the Money for these Expences, put them in Mind that he had gone his Length, and parted with all his Money, which they found, but too late, to be so considerable a Sum, that all the Presents that the Califf and the Princess *Zobeide* had given them, at their Marriage was but just enough to pay him. This made them reflect on what was past, and which at that Time they could not remedy: However, they agreed to pay the Cook, and sent for him, and paid him all they ow'd him, without shewing the least Trouble.

The Caterer went away very well pleas'd, to receive so large a Sum of Money, tho' *Abon Hassan* and his Wife were not so over well satisfy'd with seeing the Bottom of their Purse, but remain'd a long Time silent, and very much embarrass'd to find themselves reduc'd to that Condition, the first Year of their Marriage. *Abon Hassan* remember'd very well, that the Califf when he took him into the Palace, promis'd never to let him want any thing. But when he consider'd how Prodigal he had been of his Money, in so short a Time, he was unwilling to expose himself to the Shame of telling the Califf the ill Use he had made of what he had given him, and that he wanted more. Besides, he had made over his Patrimony to his Mother, as soon as the Califf receiv'd him nigh his Person, and was afraid to go to her, lest she should find that he had return'd to the same Extravagance he had been guilty of, after his Father's Death. His Wife on the other Hand look'd upon *Zobeide's* Generosity, and the Liberty she had given her to marry, as more than a sufficient Recompence for her Service, and thought she could not ask any more.

*Abon Hassan* at last broke Silence, and looking upon his Wife, said, I see you are in the same Embarrassment as my self, and are thinking what we must do in this unhappy Juncture. I don't know what your Sentiments may be, but mine are, let what will happen, not to retrench our Expences in the least, and I believe you will come into my Opinion. The Point is, how to support them without asking the Califf or *Zobeide*, and I fancy I have thought on the Means, but we must both assist each other.

This

This Discourse of *Abon Hassan's*, very much pleas'd his Wife, and gave her great Hopes. I was thinking so as well as you, said she, but durst not explain my Thoughts, because I did not know how to help ourselves, and must confess, that what you tell me, gives me a great deal of Pleasure; but since you say you have found out a Way, and my Assistance is necessary, you need but to tell me, and I'll do all that lies in my Power.

I believe, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, that you won't fail in this Affair, which concerns us both, and therefore I must tell you, this Want of Money has made me think of a Trick we'll put upon the Califf and *Zobeide*, and at which I am sure they will both be pleas'd, and be diverted with the Cheat; which is, you and I will both die. Not I, indeed, interrupted *Nouzhatoul-nonadat*; you may die by your self if you will, I am not so weary of this Life, and whether you are pleas'd or not, will not die so soon. If you have nothing else to propose than that, you may do it by your self, for I shan't meddle with it.

You are so quick and hasty, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, that you won't give me Time to explain my Meaning; have but a little Patience, and you shall find that you will be ready enough, for sure you did not think I meant a real Death. Well, said his Wife, if it is but a sham Death you design, I am at your Service, and you may depend on my Zeal, for I must tell you truly, I am very unwilling to die as I apprehended you at first.

Be but easy a little, said *Abon Hassan*, and I'll tell you what I propose: I'll feign my self dead, and you shall lay me out in a white Sheet, in the Middle of my Chamber, with my Feet towards *Mecca*, and my Turbant upon my Face, just ready to be buried. When you have done so, you must cry and take on as is usual in such Cases, and tear your Cloaths and Hair, or pretend to do it, and go all in Tears, with your Hair loose about your Ears to *Zobeide*. The Princess will ask you the Cause of your Grief, and when you have told her, with Words intermix'd with Sighs, she'll pity you, and give you some Money to defray the Expence of my Funeral, and a Piece of Gold Brocade to cover my Body with, that my Interment may be the more magnificent, and to make you an Habit in the Room of that you had tore; and as soon as you return with the

Money and the Brocade, I'll get up and lay you in my Place, and go and act the same Part with the Califf, as you have done with Zobeide: And I dare say the Califf will be as generous to me, as Zobeide will be to you.

*Nouzhatoul-âonadat* lik'd this Project very well, and said to *Abon Hassan*, Come lose no Time, strip to your Shirt and Breeches, while I prepare a Sheet. *Abon Hassan*, did as his Wife bid him, and laid himself all along on his Back, with his Feet toward *Mecca*, on the Sheet which his Wife had spread on the Carpet, just in the Middle of the Room: And as soon as he had cross'd his Arms, his Wife wrapp'd him up, and put a fine piece of Muslin, and his Turbant upon his Face. After this, she pull'd her Hair over her Face, and with a dismal Crying and Lamentation, ran cross the Court to Zobeide's Apartment, who hearing the Voice of a Person crying very loud, commanded some of her Women to see who it was, who return'd and told her that it was *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, who was coming in a deplorable Condition.

The Princess impatient to know what had happen'd to her, rose up immediately, and went to meet her at the Door of her Anti-Chamber. *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* play'd her Part excellently well. As soon as she saw Zobeide, she redoubled her Cries, tore her Hair off by Handfuls, beat her Face and Breast, and threw her self at her Feet, bathing them with her Tears.

Zobeide amaz'd to see her Slave in so extraordinary an Affliction, ask'd her, what Misfortune had happen'd to her? But instead of answering, she continu'd her Sighing and Sobbing, and at last feigning to strive to check them, said with Words intermix'd with Sighs, Alas! my most honour'd Lady and Mistress, what greater Misfortune could have befall me than this, which obliges me to throw my self at your Highness's Feet? May God prolong your Days, my most respected Princess, in perfect Health, and grant you many happy Years. *Abon Hassan*! poor *Abon Hassan*! whom you honour'd with your Esteem, and gave me for an Husband, is no more!

Then *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* redoubled her Tears and Sighs, and threw herself again at the Princess's Feet. Zobeide was extremely surpriz'd at this News. *Abon Hassan* dead! cry'd.



cry'd she, that agreeable pleasant Man! Indeed I did not in the least expect his Death so soon; he seem'd to promise a long Life, and well deserv'd one! Then she burst out also in Tears, as did all her Women, who had been often Witnesses of *Abon Hassan's* Pleasantries, when the Califf brought him to see the Princess *Zobeide*, and continu'd a long Time bewailing the Loss of him! At last *Zobeide* broke Silence, and order'd one of her Slaves to go to her Treasurer, and fetch an hundred Pieces of Gold, and a Piece of rich Brocade.

The Slave return'd soon with the Purse, and Piece of Brocade, which by *Zobeide's* Order she put into *Nouxbatoul-àonadat's* Hand, who threw herself again at the Princess's Feet, and thank'd her with a great deal of Satisfaction, to think she had succeeded so well. Go said *Zobeide*, make use of that Brocade to cover the Corps of thy Husband, and with that Money bury him handsomely, and as he ought to be. Moderate the Transports of thy Afflictions, I'll take Care of thee.

As soon as *Nouxbatoul-àonadat* got out of the Princess's Presence, she dry'd up her Tears, and return'd with Joy to *Abon Hassan*, to give him an Account of her good Success. When she came into her own Apartment, and saw her Husband still stretch'd out in the Middle of the Floor, she ran to him laughing, and bid him rise, and see the Fruits of his Project: Upon which he arose, and rejoyc'd with his Wife at the Sight of the Purse and Brocade, who for her Part could not contain her self. Come Husband, said she laughing, let me act the dead Part, and see if you can manage the Califf as well as I have done to *Zobeide*.

That's the Temper of all Women, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, who we may well say, have always the Vanity to believe they can do Things better than Men, tho' at the same Time what they do is by their Advice. It would be odd indeed, if I who laid this Plot, my self could not carry it on likewise. But let us lose no Time in idle Discourse, lie down in my Place, and see if I don't come off with as much applause.

*Abon Hassan* wrapp'd up his Wife as she had done him, and with his Turbant undone and set awry on his Head, and like a Man in the greatest Affliction imaginable, he ran

to the Califf, who was holding a private Council with the Grand Vizier *Giafar*, and some other Viziers, and he having free Access wheresoever he was, went with his Handkerchief before his Eyes, to hide the feign'd Tears which trickled down his Cheek, and striking his Breast with the other, express'd an extraordinary Grief.

The Califf, who was ever us'd to see *Abon Hassan* gay and merry, was very much surpriz'd to behold him in that sorrowful State, ask'd him the Cause of his Grief, Commander of the Faithful, answer'd *Abon Hassan*, with repeated Sighings and Sobblings, may God preserve your Majesty on the Throne, which you fill so gloriously: Alas! *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, whom you in your Bounty gave me for a Wife, is—— At this Exclamation, *Abon Hassan* pretended to have his Heart so full, that he could not utter one Syllable more, but pour'd forth a Flood of Tears.

The Califf, who presently understood that *Abon Hassan* came to tell him of the Death of his Wife, seem'd very much concern'd, and said to him, God comfort thee, she was a good Slave, and we gave her thee with an Intention of making thee happy; she deserved a longer Life. Then the Tears ran down his Face, that he was oblig'd to pull out his Handkerchief to wipe 'em off. In short, *Abon Hassan* dissembled so well, that the Califf, who did not in the least doubt of his Sincerity, order'd his Treasurer, who was then present, to give *Abon Hassan* a Purse of an hundred Pieces of Gold, and a Piece of Brocade. *Abon Hassan* immediately cast himself at the Califf's Feet, and thank'd him for his Present. Follow the Treasurer, said that Monarch, throw the Brocade over the Corps, and with the Money shew the last Testimony of thy Love for thy Wife.

*Abon Hassan* made no Reply to these obliging Words of the Califf, but retir'd with a low Bow, and follow'd the Treasurer; and as soon as he had got the Purse and Piece of Brocade, went Home very well pleas'd, with having found out so quick and ready a Way of supplying his Necessity, which had given him some Trouble.

*Nouzhatoul-âonadat* weary with lying so long in that Posture, never waited till *Abon Hassan* had her rise, but as soon as she heard the Door open, got up and ran to her Husband, and ask'd him, if he had cheated the Califf, as well

as she did *Zobeide*? You see, said he, shewing her the Stuff, and shaking the Purse, that I can act a sorrowful Husband, as well as you can an afflicted Wife. But for fear this Trick of theirs should be attended with some ill Consequences, he thought it would not be amiss to instruct his Wife with what might happen, that they might act in Concert. For, added he, the better we succeed in embarrassing the Califf and *Zobeide*, the more they will be pleas'd at last, and perhaps may shew their Satisfaction by a great Liberality: And this last Consideration induc'd them to carry on their Scene further.

The Califf, tho' he had a great deal of Business to transact in Council, was nevertheless so impatient to go and condole with the Princess upon the Death of her Slave, that he rose up as soon as *Abon Hassan* was gone, and put off the Council to another Day. Follow me, said he to *Mefrour*, who always attended him wherever he went, and let us go and share with the Princess the Grief which the Death of her Slave *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* causes her.

Accordingly they went to *Zobeide*'s Apartment, whom the Califf found sat on a Sofa, very much afflicted, and all in Tears. Madam, said the Califf going up to her, 'tis unnecessary to tell you how much I partake with you in your Affliction, since you are not insensible that what gives you Pleasure, or Trouble, has the same Effect on me. But we are all Mortals, and must surrender up to God that Life he gives us, when he requires it. *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* your faithful Slave, was endu'd with Qualifications that deserv'd all your Esteem, and I do not disapprove your expressing it after her Death; but consider, all your Grief will not bring her Life again. Therefore, Madam, if you love me, and would take my Advice, be comforted for this Loss, and take care of a Life which you know is precious to me.

If the Princess was charm'd with these tender Sentiments, which the Califf express'd in his Compliment, she was much more amaz'd to hear of *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*'s Death. This News put her into so great a Surprise, that she was not able to return an Answer for some Time. At last recovering, she said, Commander of the Faithful, I am very sensible of all your tender Sentiments, but cannot  
com-



comprehend the News you tell me of the Death of my Slave, who is in perfect Health. My Affliction is for the Death of *Abon Hassan* her Husband, your Favourite, whom you was so kind to let me know, who often diverted me very agreeably, and for whom I have as great a Value as you your self. But Sir, the little Concern you shew for his Death, and your so soon forgetting a Man in whom you have often told me you took a great deal of Pleasure, amazes and surprizes me very much; and this Insensibility seems the greater, by your changing his Death for that of my Slave's.

The Califf who thought that he was perfectly well inform'd of the Death of the Slave, and had just Reason to believe so, because he had both seen and heard *Abon Hassan*, fell a Laughing and shrugging up his Shoulders to hear *Zobeide* talk after this Manner, *Mefrour*, said he, turning himself about to that Eunuch, what dost thou think of the Princess's Discourse, don't Women sometimes lose their Senses, for in short thou hast heard and seen all as well as my self. Then turning about to *Zobeide*, Madam, said he, don't shed any more Tears for *Abon Hassan*, for I can assure you he is well; but rather bewail the Death of your dear Slave. Its not many Moments since her Husband came all in Tears, and in the most inexpressible Affliction to tell me the Death of his Wife. I gave him a purse of an hundred pieces of Gold, and a piece of Brocade, to comfort him, and bury her with, and *Mefrour* here, who was by, can tell you the same.

The Princess took this Discourse of the Califf's to be all a Jest, and that he had a Mind to impose upon her Credulity. Commander of the Faithful, replied she, though you are used to banter, I must tell you this is not a proper Time. What I tell you is very serious, I don't talk of my Slave's Death, but of *Abon Hassan* her Husband's, whose Fate I bewail, and so ought you too. I, Madam, said the Califf, putting on a grave Countenance, I tell you without Raillery that you are deceiv'd. *Nouzhatoul-âmadat* is dead, and *Abon Hassan* is alive, and in perfect Health.

*Zobeide* was very much piqu'd at this Answer of the Califf's: Commander of the Faithful, reply'd she smartly, surely you would make me think that you were mad.

Give

Give me leave to repeat to you once more, that 'tis *Abon Hassan* who is dead, and that my Slave *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat* is living; 'tis not an Hour ago since she went from hence; she came here in so disconsolate a State, that the Sight of her was enough to have drawn Tears from my Eyes, if she had not told me her Affliction. All my Women who cry'd with me, can bear me Witness, and tell you also, that I made her a Present of an hundred Pieces of Gold, and a Piece of Brocade; and the Grief which you found me in, was upon the Death of her Husband, and just that Instant that you came in, I was going to send you a Compliment of Condolence.

At these Words of *Zobeide*'s, the Califf cry'd out in a Fit of Laughter, This, Madam, is a strange Piece of Obstinacy; but, continu'd he seriously, you may depend upon *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat*'s being dead. I tell you not, Sir, reply'd *Zobeide* instantly, 'tis *Abon Hassan* that is dead, and you shall never make me believe otherwise.

Upon this, the Califf began to be angry, and sat himself on a Sofa, some Distance from the Princess, and speaking to *Mefrouz*, said, Go immediately, and see which it is, and bring me Word; for tho' I am certain that it is *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat*, I would rather take this Way, than be any longer obstinately positive. For my Part, reply'd *Zobeide*, I know very well that I am in the Right, and you'll find it to be *Abon Hassan*. And for mine, reply'd the Califf, I am so sure that it is *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat*, that I'll lay you what Wager you will, that *Abon Hassan* is well.

Don't think to come off there, said *Zobeide*, I accept of your Wager, and I am so well perswaded of his Death, that I would willingly lay the dearest Thing in the World to me. You know what I have in my Disposal, and what I value most; propose the Bett, and I'll stand to it.

Since it is come to that, said the Califf, I'll lay my Garden of Pleasures against your Palace of Paintings, tho' the one is much more worth then the other. It's no Matter for that, reply'd *Zobeide*, if your Garden is more valuable, you have made Choice of what you thought fit, and what belonged to me, as an Equivalent against what you lay; and I say done to the Wager, and will not run back: The Califf said the same, and both waited till *Mefrouz* return'd.

W hile

While the Califf and *Zobeide* were disputing so earnestly, and with so much Heat, *Abon Hassan* who foresaw their Difference, was very attentive to whatever might happen. As soon as he perceiv'd *Mefrour* thro' a Window, over-against which he sat talking with his Wife, and observed that he was coming directly to their Apartment, he presently guess'd what he was coming about, and bid his Wife make haste to act the dead Part once more, as they had agreed on; and in short, they were so pinch'd for Time, that *Abon Hassan* had much ado to wrap up his Wife, and lay the Piece of Brocade upon her, before *Mefrour* came. As soon as he had done that, he open'd the Door of his Apartment, and with a Melancholy dejected Countenance, and his Handkerchief before his Eyes, went and sat down at the Head of the pretended deceas'd.

By that Time he was seated, *Mefrour* came into the Room. The dismal Sight which saluted his Eyes, gave him a secret Joy on the Account of the Errand the Califf sent him on. As soon as *Abon Hassan* perceiv'd him, he rose up to meet him, and kissing his Hand out of Respect, said, sighing and groaning, You see me, Sir, in the greatest Affliction that ever could befall me; the Death of my Wife *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, whom you honour'd with your Favours.

*Mefrour* soften'd by this Discourse, could not refuse some Tears to the Memory of the Deceased. He lifted up the Pall a little at the Head, which was uncover'd, and peeping under it, let it down again, and said, with a deep Sigh, There's no other God but God; we must all submit to his Will, and return to him. *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, my good Sister, added he, thy Days have been very few: God have Mercy on thee. Then turning about to *Abon Hassan*, who was all the Time in Tears, We may well say, said he, that Women sometimes have Whims, and lose their Senses; for *Zobeide* will maintain to the Califf that you are dead, and not your Wife: And whatever the Califf can say to the contrary, he cannot perswade her otherwise. He call'd me to witness the Truth of what he affirms; for you know I was by, when you came and told him the sorrowful News; but all signifies nothing. They are both positive, and the Califf, to convince *Zobeide*, has sent me to know the Truth, but I fear I shall not be believ'd; for  
when



when Women once take a Thing, they are not to be beat out of it.

God keep the Commander of the Faithful in the right Use of his Senses, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, still Sighing and Crying; You see how it is, and that I have not impos'd upon his Majesty. And I wish to Heaven, continu'd he, to dissemble the better, that I had no Occasion to tell him the me'ancholy and afflicting News. Alas! I cannot enough express my irreparable Loss! That's true, reply'd *Mefrour*, and I can assure you I have a great Share in your Affliction; but you must comfort, and not abandon yourself to your Grief. I leave you against my Will, to return to the Califf; but I beg the Favour of you not to bury the Corps till I come again; for I will assist at the Interment.

*Abon Hassan* waited on him to the Door, and told him that he did not deserve the Honour that he did him: And for fear *Mefrour* should return to say something else to him, he follow'd him with his Eye for some Time, and then return'd to his Wife, and unloos'd her. This is already, said he, a new Scene of Mirth, but I fancy it will not be the last; for certainly the Princess *Zobeide* will not believe *Mefrour*, but will laugh at him, since she has too substantial Reason to the contrary; therefore we must expect some new Event. While *Abon Hassan* and *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat* were talking thus, she had Time enough to put on her Cloaths again and both went and sat down on a Sofa, opposite to the Window where they could see all that pass'd.

In the mean Time, *Mefrour* reach'd *Zobeide's* Apartment, and going in to her Closet laughing clapp'd his Hands like one who had something very agreeable to tell.

The Califf, who was naturally impatient, would presently be inform'd of the Truth of the Matter, for he was piqu'd a little at the Princess's Diffidence; therefore as soon as he saw *Mefrour*, Vile Slave! said he, is this a Time to laugh? Why don't you tell me which is dead, the Wife or the Husband?

Commander of the Faithful, answer'd *Mefrour*, putting on a serious Countenance, 'tis *Nouzhatoul-Aonadat* who is dead, for the Loss of whom *Abon Hassan* is as much afflicted, as when he appeared before your Majesty. The Califf

liff not giving him Time to pursue his Story, interrupted him, and cry'd out laughing heartily, Good News! *Zobeide* was a Moment ago Mistress of the Palace of Paintings, which she stak'd against my Garden of Pleasures, since you went, and now it is mine; therefore thou could'st not have done me a greater Pleasure: But give me a true Account of what thou sawest.

Commander of the Faithful, said *Mefrour*, when I came to *Abon Hassan's* Apartments, I found the Door open, and he bewailing the Death of his Wife *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*. He was sit at the Head of the deceas'd, who was laid out in the middle of the Room, with her Feet towards *Mecca*, and was cover'd with that Piece of Brocade, which your Majesty made a Present of to *Abon Hassan*. After I had express'd the Share I had in his Grief, I went and lifted up the Pall at the Head, and knew *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, tho' her Face was very much swell'd. I exhorted *Abon Hassan* the best I could to comfort himself, and when I came away, I told him I would attend his Wife's Funeral, and desir'd him not to stir the Corps till I came. This is all I can tell your Majesty. I ask no more, said the Califf, laughing heartily, and I am very well satisfy'd with thy Exactness. Then addressing himself to *Zobeide*, Well, Madam, said he, have you yet any thing to say against so certain a Truth? Will you always believe that *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* is alive, and that *Abon Hassan* is dead? And will you not own that you have lost your Wager?

How, Sir, reply'd *Zobeide*, who would not believe one Word *Mefrour* said, do you think that I regard that impertinent Slave, who knows not what he says: I am not so blind or mad. With these Eyes I saw *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* in the greatest Affliction; I spoke to her my self, and she told me that her Husband was dead.

Madam, reply'd *Mefrour*, I swear to you by your own Life, and that of the Commander of the Faithful, which are both dear to me, that *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* is dead, and *Abon Hassan* is living.

Thou art a base despicable Slave, said *Zobeide* in a Rage, and I'll confound thee immediately; and thereupon she called her Women, by clapping her Hands together, who all came in: Come hither said the Princess to them, and speak the Truth: Who was that who came and spoke  
with

with me a little before the Califf came here? The Women all answer'd that it was poor afflicted *Nouzhatoul-donadat*. And what, added she, addressing her self to her that was Treasurer, did I order you to give her? Madam, answered the Treasurer, I gave *Nouzhatoul-donadat*, by your Orders, a Purse of an hundred Pieces of Gold, and a Piece of Brocade, which she carry'd along with her. Well then, sorry Slave, said *Zobeide* to *Mefrour*, in a great Passion; what hast thou to say to all this? What dost thou think now, that I ought to believe thee, or my Treasurer, my other Women, and my self?

*Mefrour* did not want for Arguments to contradict the Princess; but as he was afraid of provoking her too much, he chose rather to be silent, tho' he was satisfied within himself that the Wife was dead, and not the Husband.

All the Time of this Dispute between *Zobeide* and *Mefrour*, the Califf who heard what was said on both Sides, and was against the Princess, because he had seen and spoke to *Abon Hassan* himself, laugh'd heartily to see *Zobeide* so exasperated against *Mefrour*. Madam, said he to *Zobeide*, I know not indeed who was the Author of that Saying, That Women sometimes lose their Wits, but I am sure you make it good. *Mefrour* came just now from *Abon Hassan's*, and tells you that he saw *Nouzhatoul-donadat* lying dead in the middle of the Room, and *Abon Hassan* alive, and sitting by her; and yet you will not believe this Evidence, which no Body can reasonably refuse: I think 'tis very strange.

*Zobeide* would not hear what the Califf represented. Pardon me, Commander of the Faithful, reply'd she, if I suspect you; I see very well that you have contriv'd with *Mefrour* to chagrin me, and to try my Patience. And as I perceive that his Report was concerted between you, I beg leave to send a Person to *Abon Hassan's*, to know whether or no I am in the wrong.

The Califf consented, and the Princess charg'd an old Nurse, who had liv'd a long Time with her, with that important Commission. Hark ye Nurse, said she, You see the Dispute between the Califf and me; therefore go to *Abon Hassan's*, or rather *Nouzhatoul-donadat*, for he is dead, and clear up this Matter: If thou bring'st me good



good News, a handsome Present is thy Reward; make haste, and return quickly.

The Califf was over-joy'd to see *Zobeide* in this Embarrassment; but *Mefrou*, extreemly mortify'd to find the Princess so angry with him, did all he could to appease her, insomuch both she and the Califf were both satisfy'd with him. He was over-joy'd when *Zobeide* sent the Nurse; because he was perswaded that the Report she would make would agree with his, and would justify him, and restore him to her Favour.

In the mean time, *Abon Hassan*, who watch'd the Window, perceiv'd the Nurse at a Distance, and guesling that she was sent by *Zobeide*, call'd his Wife, and told her that the Princess's Nurse was coming to know the Truth; therefore, said he, make haste and lay me out. Accordingly *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* did so, and cover'd him with the piece of Brocade *Zobeide* had given her, and put his Turbant upon his Face. The Nurse, eager to acquit her self of her Commission, came a good round Pace, and entring the Room, perceiv'd *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* all in Tears, her Hair dishevell'd, and sat at the Head of her Husband, beating her Breast, and expressing a violent Grief.

The good old Nurse went directly to the false Widow. My dear *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, said she, with a sorrowful Face, I come not to interrupt your Grief and Tears, for a Husband which you lov'd so tenderly. Ah good Mother, reply'd the counterfeit Widow; you see my Misfortune, and how unhappy I am by the Loss of my beloved *Abon Hassan*. *Abon Hassan* my dear Husband! cry'd she, what have I done that you should leave me so soon? Have I not always rather obey'd your Will, than my own? Alas! what what will become of poor *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*?

The Nurse was in a great Surprise, to see every thing quite the Reverse of what the chief of the Eunuchs had told the Califf. This black-fac'd *Mefrou*, said she, lifting up her Hands, deserves to be impal'd for having made so great a Difference between my good Mistress and the Commander of the Faithful, by the notorious Lye he told them. I'll tell you Daughter, said she, the wickedness of that Villain *Mefrou*, who has asserted with an in-

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conceivable Impudence before my Mistresses Face, that you were dead, and *Abon Hassan* was alive.

Alas! my good Mother, cry'd *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, I wish to Heaven that it was true! I should not be in this sorrowful State, nor bewail a Husband so dear to me! At these Words she burst out into Tears, and feign'd a most desperate Trouble.

The Nurse was so much concern'd for her Tears, that she sat down by her, and cry'd too. Then gently lifting up the Turbant and Cloth, look'd on the Face of the Corps: Ah! poor *Abon Hassan* she cry'd, covering the Face again, God have mercy upon thee. Adieu, Child, said she, to *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*; if I could stay longer with you I would, with all my Heart; but I am oblig'd to return immediately, to free my Mistress from the Uneasiness that black Villain has given her, by his impudent Lye, assuring her with an Oath that you was dead.

As soon as the Nurse was gone, and had pull'd the Door after her, and *Nouzhatoul-âonadat* thought she would not come back again, she wip'd her Eyes, and went and unloos'd *Abon Hassan*, and then both went and sat down on a Sofa, against the Window, expecting what would be the End of this Cheat, and to be ready to act according as things should offer.

The Nurse, in the mean Time, made all the haste she could to *Zobeide*. The Pleasure of carrying the Princess's good News, and Hopes of a good Reward, adding Wings to her Feet, and running into the Princess's Cloiset quite out of Breath, there gave her a true Account of all she had seen. *Zobeide* hearken'd to the old Woman's Relation with a most sensible Pleasure: And when she had done, she said, repeat it once more before the Califf, who looks upon us to be all Fools, and would make us believe we have no Sense of Religion, nor Fear of God; and tell your Story to that wicked black Slave, who had the Insolence to assert a Falstiy, and which I knew to be one.

*Mesfour*, who expected the Nurse's Report would prove favourable on his Side, was very much mortify'd to find it so much the contrary. He was so vex'd at the Rage *Zobeide* express'd against him, for a thing which he believ'd to be very true, that he was glad of having an

Oppor-

Opportunity of speaking his Mind freely to the Nurse, which he durst not do to the Princess. Old Toothless, said he, to the Nurse, thou tell'st Lies, and there's no Truth in what thou say'st; for I saw *Nouzhatonl-zonadat*, with these Eyes, laid out in the midst of the Room.

Thou art a notorious Lye thy self, reply'd the Nurse, with an insulting Air, to dare to maintain before my Face so great a Falsity, since I saw *Abon Hassan* dead, and laid out, and left his Wife alive. Thou art an Impostor, reply'd *Mesrou*, and endeavour'st to put us all into Confusion.

There's Impudence for you, said the Nurse, to dare to tell me I lye in the Presence of their Majesties, when I saw just now, with my own Eyes, what I have had the Honour to tell them. Indeed Nurse, answer'd *Mesrou* again, you had better hold your Tongue, for you certainly doat.

*Zobeide*, who could not support this want of Respect in *Mesrou*, who without any Regard to her, treated her Nurse injuriously; without giving the Nurse time to reply to so gross an Affront, said to the Califf, Commander of the Faithful, I demand Justice for this Insolence in our Presence; and could say no more, she was so enraged, but burst out into Tears.

The Califf, who had heard all this Dispute, thought it very intricate, and mus'd some time, and could not tell what to think of so many Contradictions. The Princess for her Part, as well as *Mesrou*, the Nurse, and all the Women Slaves, who were present, were as much puzzled, and remained silent. At last the Califf taking up the Cudgels, and addressing himself to *Zobeide*, said, I see very well we are all Lyars; my self first, and then you, *Mesrou*, and your Nurse, or at least, it seems, not one can be believ'd before the other; therefore let us go our selves, to know the Truth, for I can see no other Way to clear up these Doubts.

After these Words, the Califf got up, the Princess follow'd him, and *Mesrou* went before to open the Doors: Commander of the Faithful, said he, I am over-joy'd that your Majesty has taken this Course, and much more, when I shall make it plainly appear, that the Nurse doats; though that Expression is displeasing to my good Mi-  
stresses. The



The Nurse, who wanted not a Reply, said, hold thy Tongue, black Face, thou doat'st thy self.

*Zobeide*, who was very much provok'd at *Mesrour*, could not bear to hear him attack her Nurse again, without taking her Part: Vile Slave, said she, say what thou wilt, I maintain my Nurse is in the Right, and look upon thee as a Lyar. Madam, reply'd *Mesrour*, if Nurse is so very certain, that *Nouzhatoul-honadat* is alive, and *Abon Hassan* is dead, I'll lay her what she dares of it. The Nurse was as ready as he, and in short, they laid a Piece of gold and silver Stuff.

The Apartment the Califf and *Zobeide* came out of, tho' it was a great way from *Abon Hassan's*, it was nevertheless just over against it, and *Abon Hassan* could perceive them coming, and told his Wife, that the Califf and *Zobeide*, preceded by *Mesrour*, and follow'd by a great Number of Women, were coming to do them the Honour of a Visit. At this News she seem'd frighten'd, and cry'd out, What shall we do, we are ruin'd? Fear nothing, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, what, have you forgot what we agreed on? We will both be dead, and you shall see all will go well. At the slow Rate they come, we shall be ready before that time they get to the Door; accordingly *Abon Hassan* and his Wife wrapp'd up and cover'd themselves with the pieces of Brocade, and waited patiently for their Visitors

*Mesrour*, who came first, open'd the Door, and the Califf and *Zobeide*, follow'd by their Attendants, enter'd the Room; but were extremely surpriz'd, and stood motionless, at the dismal Sight which saluted their Eyes. At last, *Zobeide* breaking Silence, said to the Califf, Alas! they are both dead! You have done finely, continu'd she, looking at the Califf and *Mesrour*, to endeavour to make me believe that my Slave was dead, and I find it true at last; 'tis dangerous jesting with edge Tools: The Grief of losing her Husband has certainly kill'd her. Say rather, Madam, answer'd the Califf, prepossess'd to the contrary, That *Nouzhatoul-honadat* dy'd first, and the afflicted *Abon Hassan* could not survive his dear Wife; therefore you ought to agree that you have lost your Wager, and your Palace of Paintings is mine.

Hold,

Hold there. answer'd *Zobeide*, animated with the same Spirit of Contradiction; I'll maintain it you have lost your Garden of Pleasure to me. *Abon Hassan* dy'd first, since my Nurse told you, as well as me, that she saw her alive, and crying for the Death of her Husband.

This Dispute of the Califf's and *Zobeide*, brought on another between *Mefrour* and the Nurse, who had wager'd as well as they, and each pretended to win, and came at last to abuse each other very grossly.

After all, the Califf reflecting on what had pass'd, began to think that *Zobeide* had as much Reason as himself, to maintain that she had won. In the Embarrassment he was in, of not being able to find out the Truth, he advanc'd towards the two Corps, and sat himself down at the Head, searching after something that might gain him the Victory over *Zobeide*. Well, cry'd he, presently after, I swear by the Holy Name of God, that I will give a thousand pieces of Gold to him that can tell me which of these two dy'd first.

No sooner were these Words out of the Califf's Mouth, but he heard a Voice under *Abon Hassan's* Pall, say, Commander of the Faithful, I dy'd first, give me the thousand pieces of Gold. At the same time, he saw *Abon Hassan* throw off the piece of Brocade, and come and prostrate himself at his Feet, while his Wife did the same to *Zobeide*, keeping on her Pall of Brocade out of Decency. The Princess at first screech'd out, and frighten'd all about her; but recovering her self at last, express'd a great Joy to see her Slave rise again alive. Ah! wicked *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, cry'd she, what Affliction have I been in for thy Sake? However, I forgive thee from my Heart, and am glad to see thee well.

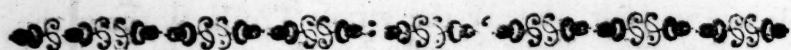
The Califf, for his Part, was not so much surpriz'd, when he heard *Abon Hassan's* Voice; but thought he should have dy'd away with Laughing, at this unravelling of the Mystery, and to hear *Abon Hassan* ask so seriously for the thousand pieces of Gold. What, *Abon Hassan*, said he, hast thou conspir'd against my Life, to kill me a second time with Laughing? How came this thought into your Head, to surprize *Zobeide* and me thus, when we least thought of such a Trick?

Commander of the Faithful, reply'd *Abon Hassan*, I'll declare to your Majesty the whole Truth, without the least Reserve. Your Majesty knows very well, that I always lov'd to eat and drink well, and the Wife you gave me, rather encreas'd than restrain'd that Inclination. With these Dispositions your Majesty may easily suppose we might spend a good Estate; and to make short of my Story, we were not in the least sparing of what your Majesty so generously gave us. This Morning, accounting with our Caterer, who took care to provide every thing for us, and paying what we ow'd him, we found we had nothing left. Then, Reflections of what was pass'd, and Resolutions to manage better for the Future, crowded into our Thoughts apace, and after them a thousand Projects, all which we refus'd. At last, the Shame of being reduc'd to so low a Condition, and not daring to tell your Majesty, made us contrive this Trick to relieve our Necessities, and to divert your Majesty, hoping that you would be pleas'd to pardon us.

The Califf and *Zobeide* were very well satisfy'd with *Abon Hassan's* Sincerity : and then *Zobeide*, who had all along been very serious, began to laugh, and could not help thinking of *Abon Hassan's* Scheme. When the Califf, who had laugh'd his Sides sore at the Singularity of this Adventure, rising up, said, Follow me both of you, and I'll give you the thousand pieces of Gold I promis'd you. *Zobeide* desir'd him to let her make her Slave a Present of that Sum. By this Means, *Abon Hassan* and his dear Wife *Nouzhatoul-âonadat*, preserv'd the Favour of the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, and the Princess *Zobeide*, and by their Liberalities were made capable of pursuing their Pleasures.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* having made an End of the Story of *Abon Hassan*, promis'd the Sultan *Schahriar* to tell him another the next Morning, that should not be less diverting. The Sultan express'd a Willingness to hear it, and *Dinarzade* wak'd her Sister before Day, who told the Story in these Words.





*The Story of Aladdin: Or, The Wonderful Lamp.*

SIR, in the Capital of one of the largest and richest Provinces of the Kingdom of *China*, the Name of which has at present escap'd my Memory, there liv'd a Taylor whose Name was *Mustapha*, who had no other Distinction but that which his Profession afforded him, and was so poor, that he could hardly subsist himself and Family, which consisted of a Wife and Son by his daily Labour.

His Son, whom he called *Aladdin*, had been brought up after a very careless and idle Manner, and by that Means had contracted many vicious Habits. He was wicked, obstinate and disobedient to his Father and Mother, who, when he grew up, could not keep him within Doors; but he would go out early in the Morning, and stay out all Day, playing in the Streets and Publick Places with black-guard Boys, and such little Vagabonds as himself.

When he was old enough to serve as an Apprentice, his Father not being able to put him out to any other Trade, took him into his own Shop, and shew'd him how to use his Needle: But neither good Words, nor the Fear of Chastisement, were capable of fixing his mercurial Genius. All that his Father could do, to keep him at Home, and mind his Work, was in vain; for no sooner was *Mustapha's* Back turn'd, but *Aladdin* was gone for that Day. *Mustapha* chastis'd him, but *Aladdin* was incorrigible; and his Father, to his great Grief, was forc'd to abandon him to his Libertinism; and was so much troubled, that he could not reclaim his Son, that it threw him into a Fit of Sickness, that he dy'd in a few Months after.

The Mother finding that her Son would not follow his Father's Trade, shut up the Shop, and sold off the Utensils of that Trade, and with the Money she got for them, and with what she could get by spinning Cotton, thought to subsist her self and Son.

*Aladdin*, who was now no longer restrain'd by the  
Fear of a Father, and who car'd so little for his Mother,

that whenever she chided him, he would fly in her Face, gave himself intirely over to his Folly, and was never out of the Streets from his Companions. This Trade he drove till he was almost fifteen Years old, without thinking in the least how to get his Bread; when one Day, as he was playing according to Custom, in the Streets, with his black-guard Troop, a Stranger pass'd by, who stood still to observe him.

This Stranger was a famous Magician, call'd by the Author who writ his Life, the *African Magician*, and by that Name I shall call him, since he was a Native of *Africa*, and had been come but two Days from thence.

Whether or no the *African Magician*, who was a good Physiognomist, had observ'd something in *Aladdin's* Countenance, which was absolutely necessary for the Execution of the Design he came about, I can't tell; but he inform'd himself who he was, and what were his Inclinations, and when he had learn'd what he desir'd to know, he went up to him, and taking him aside from his Comrades, said to him, Child, was not your Father call'd *Mustapha* the Taylor? Yes, Sir, answer'd *Aladdin*; but he has been dead a long time.

At these Words, the *African Magician* threw his Arms about *Aladdin's* Neck, and kiss'd him several Times with Tears in his Eyes. *Aladdin*, who observ'd his Tears, ask'd him what made him cry? Alas! my Son, cry'd the *African Magician* with a Sigh, How can I forbear? I am your Uncle, your good Father was my own Brother. I have been a great many Years abroad travelling, and now I am come Home big with the Hopes of seeing him, you tell me he is dead! I assure you it is a sensible Grief to me, to be depriv'd of the Joy and Comfort I expected. But it is some Relief to my Affliction, that by as much as I can remember of him, I knew you at first Sight, you are so like him; and see, I am not deceiv'd. Then he ask'd *Aladdin*, putting his Hand into his Purse, where his Mother liv'd, and as soon as *Aladdin* had inform'd him, he gave him an Handful of small Money, saying to him, Go, my brave Boy, to your Mother, and give my Love and Service to her, and tell her, That I'll come and see her to Morrow, if I have Time, that I may have the

Satisfaction of seeing where my Brother liv'd so long, and ended his Days.

As soon as the *African* Magician left his new adopted Nephew, *Aladdin* ran to his Mother, over-joy'd at the Money his Uncle had given him. Mother, said he, have I ever an Uncle? No, Child, reply'd his Mother, you have no Uncle, either by your Father's Side, or mine. It's no Matter for that, answer'd *Aladdin*, I am just now come from a Gentleman, who says he is my Uncle by my Father's Side, assuring me that he is his Brother. He cry'd, and kiss'd me when I told him my Father was dead, and to shew you that what I tell you is Truth, added he, pulling out the Money, see here what he has given me; he charg'd me to give his Service to you, and to tell you if he has any Time to Morrow, he'll come and pay you a Visit, that he may see at the same Time, the House my Father liv'd and dy'd in. Indeed, Child, reply'd the Mother, your Father had a Brother, but he has been dead a long Time, and I never heard of another.

The Mother and Son talk'd no more then of the *African* Magician; but the next Day *Aladdin's* Uncle found him playing in the Streets again with his Companions, and embracing him as before, put two Pieces of Gold into his Hand, and said to him, carry this, Child, to your Mother, and tell her that I'll come and sup with her to Night, and bid her get something for us to eat; but first, shew me the House where you live.

After *Aladdin* had shew'd the *African* Magician the House, he carry'd the two Pieces of Gold to his Mother, and when he had told her his Uncle's Intentions, she went out and bought Provisions, and considering she wanted Dishes and Plates, and other Conveniencies to dress the Meat with, she went and borrow'd them of her Neighbours. She spent the whole Day in this Sort of Work, and dressing the Supper, and at Night, when it was ready, she said to *Aladdin*, perhaps your Uncle knows not how to find our House, go and see for him, and bring him if you meet with him.

Tho' *Aladdin* had shew'd the Magician the House, he was very ready to go, when his Uncle knock'd at the Door, which *Aladdin* immediately open'd: And the Magician came



came in loaded with Wine, and all Sorts of Fruits, which he brought for a Desert.

After that the *African* Magician had given what he brought into *Aladdin's* Hands, he saluted his Mother, and desir'd her to shew him the Place of the Sofa, where his Brother *Mustapha* us'd to sit, and when she had so done, he presently fell down and kiss'd it several Times, crying out with Tears in his Eyes, My poor Brother! How unhappy am I, not to come soon enough to give him a last Embrace.

*Aladdin's* Mother desir'd him to sit down in the same Place, but he would not. No, said he, I shall take care how I do that; but give me Leave to sit over against it, that if I am depriv'd of the Satisfaction of seeing the Master of the Family, which is so dear to me, I may at least have the Pleasure of seeing the Place where he us'd to sit. *Aladdin's* Mother press'd him no further, but left him at his Liberty to sit where he pleas'd.

When the Magician had made Choice of a Place, he began to enter into Discourse with *Aladdin's* Mother, My good Sister, said he, don't be surpriz'd at your never having seen me all the Time you have been marry'd to my Brother *Mustapha*. I have been forty Years absent from this Country, which is my native Place, as well as my Brother's, and during that Time, have travell'd into the *Indies*, *Persia*, *Arabia*, *Syria* and *Ægypt*, and have resided in most of the finest Towns of those Countries; and afterwards cross'd over into *Africa*, where I made a long Abode. At last, as it is Natural for a Man, how distant soever he be, to remember his native Country, Relations and Acquaintance, I was very desirous to see mine again, and to embrace my dear Brother, and finding I had Strength and Courage enough, to undertake so long a Journey, I immediately made all necessary Preparations for it, and so set forwards. I won't tell you the Length of Time, all the Obstacles I met with, and what Fatigues I have endur'd, to come hither, but only that nothing ever mortify'd and afflicted me so much, as the Hearing of my Brother's Death, for whom I always had a brotherly Love and Friendship. I observ'd his Features in the Face of my Nephew, your Son, and distinguish'd him from among a Number of Children with whom he was at play, and he can tell you how I receiv'd the most melancholy News that ever reach'd my Ears. But

God be praised for all Things, it is a Comfort to me, to find him again in a Son who has his most remarkable Features.

The *African* Magician perceiving that *Aladdin's* Mother began to weep at the Remembrance of her Husband, changed the Discourse, and turning towards *Aladdin*, ask'd him his Name. I am call'd *Aladdin*, said he, Well *Aladdin* reply'd the Magician, what Business do you follow, are you of any Trade?

At this Question *Aladdin* was a little dash'd, when his Mother made answer, *Aladdin* is an idle Fellow; his Father when alive, strove all he could to learn him his Trade, but could not do it; and since his Death, notwithstanding all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his Time in the Streets as you saw him, without considering he is no longer now a Child; and if you don't make him ashamed of it, and leave it off, I despair of his ever coming to any Good. He knows that his Father left him no Fortune, and sees me endeavour to get Bread by spinning Cotton every Day; for my part, I am resolv'd one of these Days to turn him out of Doors, and let him provide for himself.

After these Words, *Aladdin's* Mother burst out into Tears, and the Magician said, This is not well Nephew, you must think of helping yourself, and getting your Livelihood. There are a great many Sorts of Trades, consider which you have the greatest Inclination to; perhaps you did not like your Father's Trade: Come, don't disguise your Sentiments from me, I'll endeavour to help you. But finding that *Aladdin* return'd no Answer, if you have no Mind, continued he, to learn any Trade, and would prove an honest Man, I will take a Shop for you and furnish it with all sorts of fine Stuffs and Linens, and set you to trade with them, but you must be sure with the Money you take, to buy in fresh Goods, and then you will live after an honourable Way. Consult your own Inclination, and tell me freely, what you think of; you shall always find me ready to keep my Word.

This Proposal very much flatter'd *Aladdin*, who hated working mortally, and had Sense enough to know that such sort of Shops were very much esteem'd and frequented, and the Owners very much honour'd and respected.

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He told the Magician he had a greater Inclination to that Business than to any other, and that he should be ever very much obliged to him. Since this Profession is agreeable to you, said the *African* Magician, I'll carry you along with me to Morrow, and cloath you as rich and handsomely as the top Merchants of the City, and after that we'll think of taking a Shop.

*Aladdin's* Mother, who never till then could believe that the Magician was her Husband's Brother thank'd him for his good Intentions, and after having exhorted *Aladdin* to render himself worthy of his Uncle's Favour, by his good Behaviour, served up Supper, at which they talk'd of several indifferent Matters, and then the Magician, who saw that the Night was pretty far advanc'd, took his Leave of the Mother and Son, and retired.

He came again the next Day, as he promised, and took *Aladdin* along with him to a great Merchant, who sold all Sorts of Habits ready made, and all Sorts of fine Stuffs, and bid *Aladdin* chuse those he liked best. *Aladdin* charmed with the Liberality of his new Uncle, made choice of one, and the Magician immediately bought it, and all Things proper to it.

When *Aladdin* found himself so handsomely equipt from Top to Toe, he return'd his Uncle all the Thanks imaginable; who, on the other Hand, promised never to forsake him, but always to take him along with him; which he did, to the most resorted Places in the City, and particularly where the most topping Merchants kept their Shops. When he brought him into the Street, where they sold the richest Stuffs, and finest Linnens, he said to *Aladdin*, as you are soon to be a Merchant, as well as these here, it's proper you should frequent these Shops, and be acquainted with them. Then he shew'd him the largest and finest Mosques, and carried him to the Khans or Inns, where the Merchants and Travellers lodged, and afterwards to the Sultan's Palace, where he had free Access; and at last brought him to his own Khan, where meeting with some Merchants he had got acquainted with, since his Arrival, he gave them a Trear, to bring them and his pretended Nephew acquainted.



This Treat lasted till Night, when *Aladdin* would have taken his Leave of his Uncle, to go home, but the Magician would not let him go by himself, but conducted him safe to his Mother, who, as soon as she saw him so finely dress'd, was transported with Joy, and bestow'd a thousand Blessings upon the Magician, for being at so great an Expence upon her Child. Generous Relation, said she, I know not how to thank you for your Libera'ty! I know that my Son is not deserving of your Favours; and was he never so grateful, and answer'd your good Intentions, he would be unworthy of them. For my Part, added she, I thank you with all my Soul, and wish you may live long enough to be a Witness of my Son's Gratitude, which he cannot better shew, than regulating his Conduct by your Advice.

*Aladdin*, reply'd the Magician, is a good Boy, and minds me well enough, and I believe we shall do very well; but I am sorry for one thing, which is, that I cannot perform to Morrow what I promis'd, because it is *Friday*, and the Shops will be shut up, and therefore we cannot hire one, but must let it alone till *Saturday*. But I'll call on him to Morrow, and take him a walking into the Gardens, where People of the best Fashion generally walk: Perhaps he has never seen these Diversions, he has only hitherto been among Children; but now he must see men. Then the *African* Magician took his Leave of the Mother and the Son, and retir'd: Nevertheless, *Aladdin*, who was overjoy'd to be so well cloath'd, conceiv'd a great deal of Pleasure before-hand to walk in the Gardens which lay about the Town, and were very beautiful, and where he had never been in his Life.

*Aladdin* rose early the next Morning, and dress'd himself to be ready against his Uncle call'd of him; and after he had waited some Time, he began to be impatient, and stood watching for him at the Door, but as soon as he perceiv'd him coming, he told his Mother, took his Leave of her, and ran to meet him.

The Magician caress'd *Aladdin* when he came to him? Come along my brave Boy, said he, and I'll show you fine Things; then he led him out at one of the Gates of the City, to some large fine Houses, or rather Palaces, to each of which belong'd beautiful Gardens, into which any body might go; and at every House he came to, he ask'd *Alad-*  
*din*

*dis* if he did not think it fine; and *Aladdin* was as ready to answer according to his Opinion. By this Artifice, the cunning Magician got *Aladdin* a pretty Way into the Country, and as he had a Mind to carry him farther, to execute a Design he had, he took an Opportunity to sit down in one of the Gardens, by a Fountain of clear Water, pretending to be tir'd, the better to rest *Aladdin*: Come, Nephew, said he, you must be weary as well as me, let us refresh our selves, and we shall be better able to walk.

After they had sat down, the Magician pull'd out a Handkerchief of Cakes and Sweet Meats, which he had provided on purpose, and laid it between them. Afterwards he broke a Cake in two, and gave one half to *Aladdin*, and eat the other himself; and in regard to the Sweet Meats, he left him at his Liberty to take which Sort he liked best; and during this short Repast, he exhorted his Nephew to break himself off Childish Plays, and endeavour to keep Men Company, and improve by their Conversation; for, said he, you'll soon be at Man's Estate, and must use your self betimes to discourse gravely. When they had eat as much as they had a mind to, they got up, and pursued their Walk through the Gardens, which were only separated from one another by small Ditches, which only mark'd out the Limits, but never hinder'd the Communication; so great was the Confidence the Inhabitants reposed in each other. By this Means, the *African* Magician drew *Aladdin* insensibly beyond the Gardens, and cross'd the Country, till they almost came to the Mountains.

Then *Aladdin*, who had never been so far in his Life before, began to find himself very much tir'd with so long a Walk, and said to the Magician, where are we going, Uncle, we have left the Gardens a great Way behind us, and I see nothing but the Mountains; if we go much farther, I don't know whether or no I shall be able to reach the Town again. Never fear, Nephew, said the false Uncle, I will shew you a Garden which surpasses all we have yet seen; it is not far off, 'tis but a little Step, and when we come there, you'll say that you would have been sorry to have been so nigh it, and not seen it. *Aladdin* was soon perswaded, and the Magician to make the Way seem shorter, told him a great many Stories.

At last they came between two Mountains, of a moderate Height, and equal Size, divided by a little Valley, which was the Place where the Magician intended to bring *Aladdin* to put into Execution a Design that had brought him from *Africa*. We'll go no farther now, said he to *Aladdin*; I'll shew you here some Things very extraordinary, and what nobody ever saw before; which, when you have seen them, you will thank me for: But while I strike Fire, do you gather up all the loose dry Sticks you can see, to light on a Fire with.

*Aladdin* found there so many dry'd Sticks, that before the Magician had lighted a Match, he had gather'd up a great Heap. The Magician presently set them on Fire, and in a Moment they were all in a Blaze: The Magician threw a Perfume which he had about him into it, which raised a great Cloud of Smoak; then turning himself about, he pronounced several Magical Words, which *Aladdin* did not understand.

At the same Time the Earth trembled a little, and open'd just before the Magician and *Aladdin*, and discover'd a Stone about half a Yard square, with a Brass-Ring fix'd into the middle of it, to raise it up by. *Aladdin* was so frighted at what he saw, that he would have run away, but as he was to be serviceable to the Magician, he catch'd hold of him, and gave him such a Blow on his Cheek, that he knock'd him down, and had like to have beat his Teeth down his Throat. Poor *Aladdin* got up again trembling, and with Tears in his Eyes, said to the Magician, What have I done, Uncle, to be treated after this severe Manner. I have my Reasons for it, reply'd the Magician: I am your Uncle, and supply the Place of your Father, and you ought to make no Reply. But Child, added he, sweetning him, don't be afraid of any thing, for I shall not ask any of you, but that you may obey me punctually, if you would reap the Advantages which I intend you should. These fair Promises calm'd *Aladdin's* Fears and Resentment; and when the Magician saw that he was a little come to himself, he said to him, you see what I have done by the Virtue of my Perfume, and the Words I pronounced. Know then, that under this Stone there's hid a Treasure, which is destin'd to be yours, and which will make you richer than  
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the greatest Monarchs in the World; therefore no other Person but your self is permitted to touch this Stone, and to pull it up, and go in, for I am forbid setting a Foot into this Treasure when it is open'd; so you must without fail, punctually execute what I tell you, for it is a Matter of great Consequence both to you and me.

*Aladdin* amazed at all he saw, and heard the Magician say of the Treasure which was to make him happy for ever, forgot what was past, and said to the Magician, well Uncle, What's to be done? Command me, I am ready to obey you. I am overjoy'd, Child, said the *African* Magician, embracing him, to see you act so prudently; here, take hold of the Ring, and lift up that Stone. Indeed, Uncle, reply'd *Aladdin*, I am not strong enough to lift it, you must help me: You have no Occasion for my Assistance; answer'd the Magician; if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing; you must lift it up your self; take hold of the Ring, and only pronounce the Names of your Father and Grand-Father, and lift it up, and you'll find it will come easily. *Aladdin* did as the Magician bad him, and raised the Stone with a great deal of Ease, and laid it by.

When the Stone was pull'd up, there appear'd a Cave of about three or four Foot deep, and Steps to go down lower. Observe, *Aladdin*, said the *African* Magician, what I am going to say to you: Go down into that Cave, and when you are at the Bottom of those Steps you'll find a Door open, which will lead you into a large vaulted Place, divided into three great Halls, in each of which you'll see four large Brass Vessels placed on either Side, full of Gold and Silver; but take care you don't meddle with them. Before you go into the first Hall, be sure to tuck up your Gown, and wrap it well about you, and then go thro' the second into the third, without stopping in the least. Above all Thing, have a Care that you don't touch the Walls, so much as with your Clothes; for if you do, you die immediately. At the End of the third Hall, you will find a Door which leads into a Garden planted with fine Trees loaded with delicate Fruit; walk directly cross that Garden by a Path which will carry you to five Steps that will bring you upon a Terrace-Walk, where you'll see a Niche before you, and in that Niche a lighted Lamp. Take the Lamp down, and put it out; and when you have thrown

thrown away the Wick, and pour'd out the Liquor, put it in your Breast, and bring it to me. Don't be afraid that the Liquor will spoil your Clothes, for it is not Oil, and the Lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out. If you have a mind to any of the Fruit in the Garden, you may gather as much as you please.

After these Words, the Magician pull'd a Ring off his Finger, and put it upon one of *Aladdin's*, telling him, That it was a Preservative against all Misfortunes, while he observed what was prescribed to him. After this Instruction, he said, Go boldly, Child, and we shall both be rich all our Lives.

*Aladdin* jump'd into the Cave, went down the Steps, and found the three Halls just as the *African* Magician had described them. He went thro' them with as much Precaution as the Fear of Death could give him; and observed all that he was told very carefully; and without stopping, cross'd the Garden, took down the Lamp, threw out the Wick and Liquor, and put it in his Bosom, as his Uncle bid him. But as he came down from the Terrass again, he stopp'd in the Garden to observe the Fruit, which he only had a Glimpse of in crossing it. All the Trees were loaded with extraordinary fine Fruit, of different Colours. Some Trees bore Fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as Chrystal, some pale Reds, and others deep; some green, blue, and purple, and others yellow: In short, there was Fruit of all Colours. The white, were Pearls; the clear and transparent, Diamonds; the deepest red, Rubies; the paler, Bastard Rubies; the green, Emeralds; the blue, Turquoises; the purple, Amethysts; and those that were upon the yellow Cast, Saphirs, &c. All these Fruits were very large, and so beautiful, that nothing was ever seen like them. *Aladdin* was altogether ignorant of their Value, and would have preferr'd Figs and Raisins before them. And tho' he took them only for colour'd Glas, yet he was so pleas'd with the Variety of the Colours, and the Beauty and extraordinary Size of the Fruit, that he had a mind to gather some of every Sort; and accordingly, fill'd his two Pockets, and the two new Purfes his Uncle had bought him with his Clothes, and fasten'd them to his Girdle. Some he wrapp'd up in the Skirts of his Gown, and cramm'd his Breast as full as it could hold.

*Aladdin* having thus loaded himself with Riches he knew not the Value of, return'd thro' the three Halls with the same Precaution, and made all the haste he could, that he might not make his Uncle wait, and soon arriv'd at the Mouth of the Cave, where the *African* Magician expected him with the utmost Impatience. As soon as *Aladdin* saw him, he cried out, Pray, Uncle, lend me your Hand, to help me up? Give me the Lamp, first, replied the Magician; it will be troublesome to you. Indeed, Uncle, answer'd *Aladdin*, I cannot now; it is not troublesome to me: But I will as soon as I am up. The *African* Magician was so obstinate, that he would have the Lamp before he would help him up; and *Aladdin*, who had incumber'd himself so much with his Fruit, that he could not well get at it, refus'd to give it him till he was out of the Cave. The *African* Magician provok'd at this obstinate Refusal of the Lad, grew into a terrible Passion, and threw a little of his Perfume into the Fire, which he had taken care to keep in, and no sooner pronounc'd two magical Words, but the Stone mov'd into its Place, and the Earth closed again in the same Manner as it open'd at the Arrival of the Magician and *Aladdin*.

This Action of the *African* Magician's plainly shew'd him to be neither *Aladdin's* Uncle, nor *Mustapha* the *Taylor's* Brother, but a true *African*, as he was. For, as *Africa* is a Country that delights the most in Magick of any Place in the whole World, he had applied himself to it from his Youth; and after forty Years Experience in Enchantments, Works of Geomancy, Fumigations, and the reading of Magick Books, he had found out that the Possession of a wonderful Lamp that there was in the World, would render him more powerful than the greatest Prince in the World; and by a late Operation which he had made, he found out that this Lamp lay concealed in a subterraneous Abode in the midst of *China*, which I have already describ'd with the Circumstances attending it. Fully perswaded of the Truth of this Discovery, he set out from the farthest Part of *Africa*; and after a long and fatiguing Journey, came to the nearest Town to this Treasure. But tho' he had a certain Knowledge of the Place where this Lamp was, yet he was not permitted to take it himself, nor to enter the subterraneous Place  
where



where it was, but must receive it from the Hands of another Person. For this Reason he address'd himself to *Aladdin*, whom he look'd upon as a young Lad void of Friends, and fit to serve his Purpose, resolving as soon as he got the Lamp into his Hands, to sacrifice poor *Aladdin* to his Avarice and Wickedness, by making the Furnigation I mention'd before, and saying those two magical Words, the Effect of which was the removing the Stone into its Place again. The Blow he gave *Aladdin*, and the Authority he took upon him, was to use him to fear him, and to make him obey him the more readily, and that he should give him the Lamp as soon as he asked for it. But his too great Precipitation in executing his wicked Intention on poor *Aladdin*, and his Fear lest somebody should come that way during their Dispute, made it fall out just the contrary of what he proposed to himself.

When the *African* Magician saw that all his great Hopes were frustrated for ever, he return'd that same Day for *Africa*; but went quite round about the Town, and at some Distance from it, for fear lest some Persons who had seen him walk out with the Boy, should entertain any Jealousy of him, and stop him.

According to all Appearances, there was no Expectations of hearing any more of *Aladdin*: But the Magician, when he thought of *Aladdin's* Death, had forgot that Ring he gave him, which preserv'd him, tho' he knew not its Virtue. And it is amazing to me, that the Loss of that, together with the Lamp, did not put the Magician into the utmost Despair: But Magicians are used so much to Misfortunes, and Things falling out contrary to their Desires, that they don't so much lay them to Heart, but still feed themselves up with some new Notions and Chimeras.

As for *Aladdin*, who never in the least suspected this base Usage from his pretended Uncle, after all his Carelesses, and what he had done for him, his Surprise is more easily to be imagined than express'd by Words. As soon as he found he was so buried alive, he cried, and called out to his Uncle to tell him he was ready to give him the Lamp; but all in vain, since his Cries could not be heard by him, and he must remain in this dark Abode. At last, when

when he had quite ru'd himself with crying, he went to the bottom of the Steps, with a design to get in o the Garden, where it was light; but the Door, which was open'd before by Incantment, was now shut. Then he redoubled his Tears and Lamentations, and sat down on the Steps, without any Hopes of ever seeing the Light again, and in the Expectation of a lingering Death.

*Aladdin* remain'd in this State two Days, without either eating or drinking, and on the third look'd upon Death as inevitable. Then clasping his Hands with an entire Resignation to the Will of God, he said, *The Great and High God alone is all powerful.* In this Action of joining his Hands, he rubb'd the Ring which the Magician gave him, and which he had never thought of, nor knew not the use of, and immediately a *Genie* of an enormous Size, and frightful Look, rose out of the Earth, and said to him; What wouldst thou have with me? I am ready to obey thee as thy Slave, and the Slave of all who possess the Ring on thy Finger; I, and the other Slaves of that Ring.

At another Time, *Aladdin*, who had not been used to such Visions, would have been so frighten'd, that he would not have been able to speak at the Sight of so extraordinary a Figure; but the Danger he was in, made him answer without Hesitation, Whoever thou art, deliver me from this Place, if thou art able: He had no sooner made an End of these Words, but the Earth open'd, and he found himself, where the Magician made his Conjurations.

It was some time before *Aladdin's* Eyes could bear the Light, after having been so long in entire Darkness: But after he had endeavour'd by degrees to support it, and began to look about him, he was very much surprized not to find the Earth open, and could not comprehend how he had got so soon from within its Bowels. There was nothing to be seen but the Place where the Fire had been, by which he could judge pretty nigh whereabouts the Cave was. Then turning himself about towards the Town, he perceiv'd it in the midst of fine Gardens, and knew the way back to it; and then returning God Thanks for his being alive, so contrary to his Expectations, made the best of his way Home. When he got within the Doors, what with the Joy to see his Mother, and his Faintness for want

want of Sustenance for three Days he fell into a Swoon, and remain'd in it for a long time. His Mother, who had given him over for dead, or lost, seeing him in this Condition, omitted nothing to bring him to himself again. As soon as he recovered, the first Words he spake were, Pray, Mother, give me something to eat, for I have not put a Morsel of any thing in my Mouth these three Days. His Mother brought what she had, and set it before him. My dear Child, said she, don't be too eager, for 'tis dangerous; eat but a little at a Time, and take Care of your self. Besides, I wou'd not have you talk: You will have time enough to tell me what has happen'd to you, when you are better recover'd. It is a great Comfort to me to see you again, after the Grief I have been in since *Friday*, and the Pains I have taken to learn what was become of you.

*Aladdin* took his Mother's Advice; and eat and drank but very moderately. When he had done, he said to her, I can't help complaining of you, for abandoning me so easily to the Discretion of a Man, whose Design was to kill me, and who at this very Moment thinks my Death certain. You believ'd he was my Uncle, as well as I; and what other Thoughts could we entertain of a Man, who was so kind to me, and made such advantageous Proffers; but I must tell you, Mother, he is a Rogue, and a Cheat, and only did what he did, and made me all those Promises accomplish my Death; but for what Reason neither you nor I can guess. For my Part, I can assure you, I never gave him any Cause to deserve the least ill Treatment from him. You shall judge of it your self, when you have heard all that pass'd from the Time I left you, till he came to the Execution of his wicked Design.

Then *Aladdin* began to tell his Mother all that had happen'd from the *Friday* when the Magician took him to see the Palaces and Gardens about the Town, and what fell out in the Way, till they came to the Place where the great Prodigy was to be performed. How with a Perfume, which the Magician threw into the Fire, and some magical Words, the Earth open'd and discover'd a Cave, which led to an inestimable Treasure: Among other Things he was sure to remember the Blow the Magician gave him; and then told her after what Manner he sweet-

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ned him again, and engag'd him by great Promises, and putting a Ring on his Finger, to go down into that Cave.

In short, he did not omit the least Circumstance of what he saw in crossing the three Halls, and the Garden, and his taking the Lamp, which he pull'd out of his Bosom, and shew'd to his Mother, as well as all the beautiful Fruit which he had gather'd in the Garden, which she, who was as ignorant as her Son, as to the Knowledge of Jewels, look'd upon as Trifles, which were pretty enough to look at for the Variety of the Colours; notwithstanding, with the Reflection of a Lamp which was then burning, the Room was as Light as if the Sun shone.

*Aladdin* put them underneath one of the Cushions of the Sofa he sat upon, and pursu'd his Story, telling his Mother, That when he return'd and presented himself to the Mouth of the Cave, upon his Refusal to give the Magician the Lamp, till he was got out, the Stone, by his throwing some Perfume into the Fire, and two or three magical Words he us'd, stopp'd it up, and the Earth clos'd again: Here he could not help bursting out into Tears, at the Representation of the miserable Condition he was in, to find himself buried alive in a dismal Cave, till, by the touching of his Ring, the Virtue of which he was then an entire Stranger to, he, as I may properly say, came to Life again. When he had thus made an end of his Story, he said to his Mother, This is my Adventure, and the Danger I have been expos'd to, since you saw me.

*Aladdin's* Mother heard this surprizing and wonderful Relation with so much Patience, as not to interrupt him, notwithstanding it could be no small Affliction to a Mother, who loved her Son tenderly, for all his Faults: But yet in Places which were the most moving, and discovered the Perfidy of the *African* Magician, she could not help shewing how much she detested him, by Marks of the greatest Indignation; and when *Aladdin* had quite finish'd his Story, she let fly a thousand injurious Names at that vile Impostor. She call'd him perfidious Traytor, Barbarian, Assassin, Deceiver, Magician, and an Enemy and Destroyer of Mankind. Without Doubt, Child, added she, he is a Magician, and they are Plagues to the World, and by their Enchantments and Sorceries, have Commerce with the Devil.

Devil. Bless God for preserving you from his wicked Designs, for your Death would have been inevitable, if you had not call'd upon him, and implor'd his Assistance. She said a great deal more concerning the Magicians Treachery; but finding that while she talk'd, her Son *Aladdin*, who had not slept for three Days and Nights, nodded, she put him to Bed, and soon after went to Bed herself.

*Aladdin*, who had not had one wink of Sleep while he was in the subterraneous Abode, slept very heartily all that Night, and never wak'd till late the next Morning, when the first Thing he said to his Mother, was, he wanted something to eat, and that she could not do him a greater Pleasure than to give him his Breakfast. Alas! Child, said she, I have not a bit of Bread to give you, you eat up all the Provisions I had in the House Yesterday; but have a little Patience, and it shall not be long before I will bring you some: I have a little Cotton, which I have spun, I'll go and sell it, and buy Bread, and something for our Dinners. Mother, reply'd *Aladdin*, keep your Cotton against another Time, and give me the Lamp I brought Home with me Yesterday; I'll go and sell it, and the Money I shall get for it, will serve both for Breakfast and Dinner, and perhaps Supper too.

*Aladdin's* Mother took the Lamp, and said to her Son, here it is, but it is very dirty, if it was cleaner a little, I believe it would bring something more. To that End, she took a little fine Sand, and Water to clean it, but had no sooner begun to rub it, but in an Instant a hideous *Genie* of a gygantic Size appear'd before them, and said to her in a Voice like Thunder, What would'st thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy Slave, and the Slave of all those who have that Lamp in their Hands; I, and the other Slaves of the Lamp.

*Aladdin's* Mother was not able to speak at the Sight of this frightful *Genie*, but fell into a Swoon; when *Aladdin*, who had once before seen such another, without losing Time, nor his Senses, snatch'd the Lamp out of his Mother's Hands, and said to the *Genie* boldly enough, I am hungry, bring me something to eat presently. The *Genie* disappear'd immediately, and in an Instant return'd with a large silver Basin on his Head, with twelve cover'd Plates of the same Metall, which contain'd some nice and excel-

excellent Meats; six white Loaves on two other Plates; and two Bottles of Wine, and two Glasses in each Hand. All these Things he laid upon a Table, and disappear'd; and all this was done before *Aladdin's* Mother came out of her Swoon.

*Aladdin* went presently and fetch'd some Water and threw in her Face, to recover her; but whether that, or the smell of the Meats the *Genie* brought, fetch'd her to Life again, I can't tell; but it was not long before she came to her self. Come Mother, said *Aladdin*, don't mind this, it's nothing at all, but get up, and come and eat; here's what will put you in Heart, and at the same Time satisfy my extreme Hunger: Don't let the Meat be cold, but fall too.

His Mother was very much surpriz'd to see the great Bason, twelve Plates, six Loaves, and the two Bottles and Glasses, and smell the delicious Odour which exhal'd from the Plates. O! Child, said she to *Aladdin*, to whom are we oblig'd for this great Plenty and Liberality? Has the Sultan been made acquainted with our Poverty, and had Compassion on us? It's no matter, Mother, said *Aladdin*, sit down and eat; for you have almost as much need of a good Breakfast as my self; when we've done I'll tell you: Accordingly both Mother and Son sat down, and eat with as good Stomachs as the Table was well furnish'd. But all the Time *Aladdin's* Mother could not forbear looking at, and admiring the Bason and Plates; tho' she could not well tell whether they were Silver or any other Metall, so little a Judge were she and her Son of such Matters.

In short, the Mother and Son found that the Excel'ency of the Meats added such Strength to their Appetites, that they sat at Breakfast till it was Dinner time, and then they thought it would be best to kill two Birds with one Stone; and put the two Meals together; and yet found they should have enough left for Supper, and two or three Meals more for the next Day.

When *Aladdin's* Mother had taken away and set by what was left, she went and sat down by her Son on the Sofa. *Aladdin*, said she, I expect now that you should satisfy my Impatience, and tell me exactly what pass'd between the *Genie* and you, while I was in a Swoon, which he presently comply'd with.

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She was in as great an Amazement at what her Son told her, as at the Apparition of the *Genie*, and said to him, But, Son, how came that *Genie* to address himself to me, and not to you, to whom he had appear'd before in the Cave? Mother, answer'd *Aladdin*, the *Genie* you saw, is not the same who appear'd to me, tho' he resembles him in Size; but they had quite different Meins and Apparels; without doubt they belong to different Masters. If you remember, he that I first saw, call'd himself the Slave of the Ring on my Finger, and this you saw, call'd himself the Slave of the Lamp you had in your Hand; but I believe you did not hear him, for I think you fainted away as soon as he began to speak.

What! cry'd the Mother, was your Lamp then the Occasion of that curst *Genie*'s addressing himself rather to me, than to you? Ah! take it out of my Sight, and put it where you please. I would rather you would sell it, than run the Hazard of being frighten'd to Death again by touching it; and if you would take my Advice, you should part also with the Ring, and not have any thing to do with *Genies*, who, as our Prophet hath told us, are only Devils.

With your Leave, Mother, reply'd *Aladdin*, I shall now take Care how I sell a Lamp, as I was going to do, which may be so serviceable both to you and me. Have not you been an Eye-witness of what it hath procur'd us, and it shall still continue to furnish us with what we have Occasion for. You may well think that my false and wicked Uncle would not have taken so much Pains, and undertaken so long and tedious a Journey, if it had not been to get this wonderful Lamp into his Possession, which he prefer'd before all the Gold and Silver, which he knew was in the Halls, and which these Eyes of mine beheld. He knew too well the value and worth of this Lamp, to ask for a greater Treasure; and since Chance hath discover'd the Virtue of it to us, let us make a profitable Use of it, without making any great Stir, and drawing the Envy and Jealousy of our Neighbours upon us. However, since the *Genies* fright you so much, I'll take it out of your Sight, and put it where I may find it, when I want it. As for the Ring, I cannot resolve to part with that neither; for without that you had never seen me again, and tho' I

am

am alive now, perhaps if it was gone, I might not be some Moments hence; therefore I hope you will give me Leave to keep that, and to wear it always on my Finger. Who knows what Dangers you and I may be expos'd to, which neither of us foresees, and which it may deliver us from. As *Aladdin's* Arguments were just, and had a great deal of Weight in them, his Mother had nothing to say against them; but only reply'd, That he might do what he pleas'd, but for her part, she would have nothing to do with *Genies*, but would wash her Hands of them.

By the next Night they had eat all the Provisions the *Genie* brought, and the next Day *Aladdin*, who could not bear the thoughts of Hunger, took one of the Plates under his Coat, and went out early to sell it, and addressing himself to a *Jew*, whom he met in the Streets, and pulling out the Plate, ask'd him if he would buy it. The cunning *Jew* examin'd the Plate, and no sooner found that it was good Silver, but he ask'd *Aladdin* how much he ask'd for it. *Aladdin*, who knew not the worth of it, and had never been us'd to traffick, told him he would trust to his Honour and Generosity. The *Jew* was somewhat confounded at this plain dealing, and was doubtful whether *Aladdin* understood the full Value of what he offer'd him to sell; however, he took a piece of Gold out of his Purse, and gave it him, tho' it was but the sixtieth part of the Worth of the Plate. *Aladdin* took the Money very eagerly, and as soon as he got it in his Pocket, retir'd with so much Haste, that the *Jew* not content with the Exorbitancy of his Profit, was vext with himself for not penetrating into *Aladdin's* Ignorance, and was for running after him, to endeavour to get some Change out of the Money, but that *Aladdin* had got so far, that it was hardly possible for him to overtake him.

Before *Aladdin* went Home to his Mother, he call'd at a Baker's, bought a Loaf, chang'd his Money, and went Home and gave his Mother the rest, who went and bought other necessary Provisions, which lasted them some Time. After this manner they liv'd; till *Aladdin* had sold the twelve Plates, one at a Time to the *Jew*, for the same Money; who after the first Time, durst not offer him less, for fear of losing so good a Chap. When he had sold the last Plate, he had recourse to the *Bason*, which weigh'd  
ten.

ten times as much as a Plate, and would have carry'd it to his old Purchaser, but that it was too large and cumbersome; therefore he was oblig'd to bring him Home with him to his Mother's, where after the *Jew* had look'd upon it, he laid him down ten pieces of Gold, with which *Aladdin* was very well satisfy'd.

They liv'd on these ten Pieces in a frugal manner, a pretty while; and *Aladdin*, who had been us'd to an idle Life, left off playing with young Lads, of his own Age, after his Adventure with the *African* Magician. He spent his Time in walking about, and discoursing with People with whom he had got acquainted. Sometimes he would stop at the most topping Merchant's Shop, where People of the best Distinction met for the Benefit of Conversation, and listen, for Improvement Sake, to their Discourse, by which Means he gain'd a little Knowledge of the World.

When all the Money was spent, *Aladdin* had recourse again to the Lamp. He took it in his Hand, look'd for the same Place where his Mother had rubb'd it with the Sand, and rubb'd it also, and the *Genie* immediately appear'd and said, What would'st thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy Slave, and the Slave of all those who have that Lamp in their Hands; I and the other Slaves of the Lamp. I am hungry said *Aladdin*, bring me something to eat. The *Genie* disappear'd, and presently return'd with a Basson, and the same Number of cover'd Plates, &c. and set them down on a Table, and vanish'd again.

*Aladdin's* Mother knowing what her Son was going to do, went out at that Time about some Business, and when she return'd, which was not long first, and found the Table so furnish'd a second Time, was almost as much surpriz'd as before, at the prodigious Effect of the Lamp. However, she sat down with her Son, and when they had eat as much as they had a Mind to, she set enough by to last them two or three Days.

As soon as *Aladdin* found that their Provisions were spent, he took one of these Plates, and went to look for his *Jew* Chapman again; but passing by a Goldsmith's Shop, who had the Character of a very fair and honest Man, the Goldsmith perceiving him, call'd to him, and said, My Lad, I have often observ'd you to go by, loaded as you are at present, and talk with such a *Jew*, and then come back again



gain empty-handed. I imagine that you carry something which you sell to him; but perhaps you don't know what a Rogue he is, and that he is the greatest Cheat among all the *Jews*, and is so well known, that nobody will have any thing to do with him. What I tell you is for your own Good. If you have any thing to dispose of, that lies in my Way, I will give you the full Worth of it; and if it be what I don't deal in, I'll direct you to the other Merchants who will not cheat you.

The Hopes of getting more Money for his Plate, induc'd *Aladdin* to pull it presently from under his Coat, and shew it the Gold-smith. The old Man, who at first Sight saw that it was made of the finest Silver, ask'd him if he had sold any such as that was to the *Jew*, and *Aladdin* told him plainly that he had sold him twelve such, for a Piece of Gold each. Ah! Vilain, cry'd the Gold-smith; but added he, What's pass'd cannot be recall'd. But by shewing you the Value of this Plate, which is of the finest Silver we use in our Shops, I'll let you see how much the *Jew* has cheated you.

The Goldsmith took a Pair of Scales, weigh'd the Plate, and after he had told *Aladdin* how much an Ounce of fine Silver was worth, he demonstrated it to him, That his Plate was worth sixty Pieces of Gold, which he paid him down that Minute. If you dispute my Honesty, said he, you may go to any other of our Trade, and if he gives you any more, I'll be bound to forfeit twice as much: For what we gain by is the Fashion of the Plate, and that's out of the Way of the fairest dealing *Jew* of them all.

*Aladdin* thank'd him for his good Advice, and the Favour he had done him, and never after went to any other Person, but sold him all his Plates, and the *Bason*, and had as much for them as the Weight came to.

Tho' *Aladdin* and his Mother had an inexhaustible Treasure in their Lamp, and might have had whatever they had a Mind to, yet they liv'd with the same Frugality as before, only that *Aladdin* went more neat; but for his Mother, she wore no Cloaths but what she earn'd by her spinning Cotton. After their Manner of living, we may easily suppose, That the full Value of the Plates and *Bason* was sufficient to maintain them some Years.

During

During this Time, *Aladdin*, to accomplish himself, and understand the World, very much frequented the great Shops, where they sold Cloaths of Gold and Silver, and fine Stuffs, Silks and Linnens, and oftentimes enter'd into Conversation with the best of People ; and among other Shops, he visited those of the top Jewellers, and had got a pretty good Acquaintance among them, and by that Means came to know, That the fine Fruit which he had gather'd, when he took the Lamp, were not colour'd Glafs, but Jewels of an extraordinary Value : For as he had seen all Sorts of Jewels bought and sold in their Shops, but none that were so beautiful, or nigh so large as his, he found, That instead of colour'd Glafs, he possess'd an inestimable Treasure ; but was so prudent not to say any thing of it, not so much as to his Mother.

One Day, as *Aladdin* was walking about the Town, he heard an Order of the Sultan's publish'd, for all People to shut up their Shops and Houses, and keep within Doors, while the Princess *Badroulboudour* (which is to say, the *Full Moon of Full Moons*) the Sultan's Daughter, went to the Baths and back again.

This publick Order inspir'd *Aladdin* with a great Curiosity to see the Princess's Face, which he could not do, without getting into the House of some Acquaintance, which stood in the Way thither, and look thro a Window ; but when he consider'd that the Princess, when she went to the Baths had a Veil on, he found this Project would not take ; but to satisfy his Curiosity, he presently thought of one which would ; which was to get behind the Door of the Baths, and then he could not fail of seeing her Face.

*Aladdin* had not waited long before the Princess came, and he could see her plainly, without being seen. She was attended with a great Crowd of Ladies, Slaves and Eunuchs, who walk'd of each Side, and behind her. When she came within three or four Yards of the Door of the Baths, she pull'd off her Veil, and gave *Aladdin* an Opportunity of a full Look at her.

Till then, *Aladdin*, who had never seen any Woman's Face but his Mother's, who was old, and never could boast of any such Features, thought that all Women were like her, and could hear People talk of the most surprizing Beauties, without

without being the least mov'd : For whatever Words are made use of to heighten the Merit of a Beauty, they can never make the same Impression as the Lady herself.

But as soon as *Aladdin* had seen the Princess *Badroulboudour* his Sentiments were very much chang'd, and his Heart could not withstand all those Inclinations to charming an Object inspires. The Princess was the most lovely beautiful brown Woman in the World, her Eyes were large, lively and sparkling, her Looks sweet and modest, her Nose was of a just Proportion, her Mouth small, her Lips of a vermilion Red and agreeable Symmetry; in a Word, all the Features of her Face were regular and beautiful; therefore no body should be surpriz'd, if *Aladdin*, who had never seen, and was a Stranger to so many Charms, was dazzled, and his Senses quite ravish'd. With all these Perfections the Princess had a delicate Shape, a majestick Air, that the Sight of her was sufficient to inspire Respect.

After the Princess had pass'd by *Aladdin*, and got into the Baths, he remain'd sometime astonish'd and confounded, and in a Kind of Ecstasy, in reflecting and imprinting the Idea of so charming an Object deeply in his Mind. But at last considering that the Princess was gone past him, and that when she return'd from the Bath, her Back would be towards him, and she veil'd, he resolv'd to quit his Post and go Home. But when he came there, he could not conceal his Uneasiness so well, but that his Mother perceiv'd it, and was very much surpriz'd to see him so much more thoughtful and melancholy than usual, and ask'd him what had happen'd to him to make him so. *Aladdin* return'd her no Answer, but sat carelessly down on the Sofa, and remain'd in the same Condition, full of the Image of the charming *Badroulboudour*. His Mother, who was dressing Supper, press'd him no more; but when it was ready, set it on a Table before him, but perceiving that he gave no Attention to it, bid him eat, which she had much ado to perswade him to; and when he did, it was with great Indifference, and all the Time cast down his Eyes, and observ'd so great a Silence, that she could not possibly get the least Word out of him, to know the Reason of so extraordinary an Alteration.

After



After Supper, she ask'd him again why he was so melancholy, but could have no other Satisfaction but that he would go to Bed. Now without examining how *Aladdin* pass'd the Night, I shall only tell you, that as he sat the next Day over-against his Mother, as she was spinning Cotton, he spoke to her in these Words: I perceive that my Silence Yesterday has very much troubled you; I was not, nor am not such as I fancy you believ'd; but I can tell you, that what I did then, and now endure, is worse than any Disease. I cannot tell well what ails me, but yet don't doubt but what I am going to tell you, will inform you.

It was publish'd Yesterday in another Quarter of the Town, and therefore you know nothing of it, that the Princess *Badroulboudour*, the Sultan's Daughter, was to go to the Baths after Dinner; and to pay all the Respect that was due to that Princess, all the Shops were ordered to be shut up in her Way thither, and every Body to keep within Doors, to give her and her Attendance more Liberty in the Streets. As I was walking about, I heard this Order of the Sultan's publish'd, and as I was not then far off the Baths, I had a great Curiosity to see the Princess's Face, and a Thought coming into my Head, that the Princess, when she should come nigh the Door of the Baths, would pull her Veil off, I resolv'd to get behind that Door; and as I imagin'd, so it happen'd. The Princess threw off her Veil, and I had the Happiness of seeing her lovely Face with the greatest Satisfaction imaginable. This, Mother, was the Cause of my Melancholy and Silence Yesterday: I love the Princess with so much Violence, that I cannot express it; and as my lively Passion increases every Moment, I cannot live without the Possession of the amiable Princess *Badroulboudour*, and am resolv'd to ask her in Marriage of the Sultan her Father.

*Aladdin's* Mother gave a great deal of Attention to what her Son told her; but when he talk'd of asking the Princess *Badroulboudour* in Marriage of the Sultan, she could not help bursting out into a loud Laughter. *Aladdin* would have gone on with his Discourse, but she interrupted him: Alas! Child, said she, what are you thinking of, for you talk as if you were mad.



*The End of the Ninth Volume.*

